

O'Connell elected to ECSU presidency

Palmitesta wins VP Finance, Ad Coordinator goes to Kawar

BY ADRIAN BAREK

The results are in! The Erindale College Student Union (ECSU) held its annual election last week for next year's council. The battle for ECSU president was won by Sean O'Connell, whose 488 majority votes beat out opponent Jason Borchenko's 278. As well, Eric Palmitesta was elected as the new VP Finance and Dana Kawar was elected as Advertising Coordinator. Palmitesta earned 397 votes and Kawar earned 454. Dominic Lee and Nadine Chandoo went home empty handed for the position of VP Finance, with vote tallies of 116 and 258, respectively. Lastly, Amanda Walker's 242 votes were not enough to get her elected to Advertising Coordinator.

The results of the election were announced last Thursday at a private party at the Blind Duck Pub. After the results had been released, O'Connell spoke with the Medium about his victory and the political battle that preceded it.

"It has been a short but arduous journey that has torn some relationships apart, but as well it has strengthened others. It is the difficult times that bring out the people that really support you," he said.

Kawar expressed hope for the future of ECSU at the hands of the new council.

"Although the elections seemed to be a really close race, I think all the people who were elected as well as those who were acclaimed will do an amazing job of managing ECSU and serving students next year," Kawar said.

The future working relationship between ECSU and the Students' Administrative Council (SAC) was an issue commonly raised throughout the election period. Borchenko has stronger ties with SAC, and many felt he would be the best at getting the two organizations to work together.

"I believe that the entire ECSU board (2004/05 tenure) will be pleased to work with SAC on many initiatives" O'Connell said. "Although many SAC board members publicly opposed me during the election, we are prepared to work together for the students of UTM."

This year, candidates were allowed to campaign during the voting period. Students walking along the five minute walk were bombarded with bright leaflets and smooth talkers. This form of campaigning was criticized by some as creating a popularity contest.

"I definitely have to say that candidates advertising themselves during the voting days is not a good idea because it just ended up being a popularity contest," Benjamin Schmidt, a second year management student said.

After expressing joy at his election win, VP Finance elect, Eric Palmitesta expressed disapproval at campaigning on voting days.

"The voting days were pretty fierce, only because the candidates were allowed to campaign during them. They haven't been able to do that for years. I'm not sure why that decision was made this year. People were voting for the last person they saw."

For his part, O'Connell defended the voting day campaigning, citing a higher voter turnout as a benefit.

"Allowing candidates to campaign during voting days does not make it a popularity contest," O'Connell said. "Moreover it serves as a reminder to the people that haven't taken the opportunity to read the Medium (if you could find a copy) or had the chance to actively participate in events preceding

Election continued on page 3

Remembering Cecilia



photo/Mehraan Pavri

A young boy looks over a memorial of flowers, candles, toys, and other gifts left in the parking lot near the ravine where Cecilia Zhang's body was found recently. Read the full story on UTM's reaction on page 2.

Campus paper stolen from stands

BY ADRIAN BAREK

It seems some students at UTM can't take a joke. Last week, several thousand copies of the Medium's annual April Fools issue were stolen and discarded from stands at both the UTM and St. George campuses.

Support for the Medium was felt around campus. When it was first noticed on Tuesday that the stands were empty, several students unaffiliated with the paper scoured the campus for discarded issues, finding several piles in recycling bins. These were retrieved and brought to the Blind Duck Pub, which gave them out to students ordering food and drinks.

The motivation behind the thefts remains a cloudy issue. At least one reason they were taken was in reaction to the front-cover picture of Students' Administrative Council (SAC) VP UTM, Gengiz Seyhun, and Erindale College Student Union (ECSU) president, Adil F. Mirza. The picture featured the heads of the pair digitally imposed on the semi-clad bodies of two male students who competed in the 'Tighty-Whities' contest at Sex Pub. The accompanying article, entitled 'Peace made between SAC and ECSU' was a fictitious account that claimed Mirza and Seyhun were involved in a nipple-twisting

ceremony to form an alliance between their respective organizations. The purpose of the photography was to parody the often turbulent relationship between UTM's two primary student governments, however, the article and picture were interpreted by some UTM students as a personal attack on Seyhun.

Three female students witnessed discarding copies of the Medium from the Student Centre info booth were questioned as to their actions. The female students responded by stating that they and others had

taken offence to the article on behalf of Seyhun, who they said is "very respected by students."

The man depicted in the picture, Seyhun, spoke about his reaction to the picture.

"My first reaction was a deep sense of embarrassment, especially since it added to the attention that I've already been getting for another important event in my life," Seyhun said. "The article itself was quite amusing but I did feel like the personal quotes were a little excessive. At the end of the day, I was too preoccupied with my overwhelming joy of being the luckiest man on earth," he said.

Seyhun added that he is appreciative for those looking out for him.

"I think that a lot of students on campus felt that I was being disrespected and although it may have annoyed certain individuals, I personally felt very honoured and touched by their gesture while still being conscious of the hard work that was put into this issue of the Medium by its staff."

In addition to the students offended by the joke issue content, rumours circulated campus that the thefts were in some way politically motivated. The issue featured three news articles, an editorial, and



photo/Mehraan Pavri

A stand that should have several hundred copies of the April Fool's issue instead has only a few back issues.

Medium continued on page 2



photo/ECSU

President elect, Sean O'Connell.

What's Inside

Library

2

Kurt Cobain

7

Realm

10

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"I bet mutants did it."

— Jennifer Ellis offers a theory on who stole The Large

MONDAY MOVIES

Apr. 5

— Lost in Translation: 12:30 a.m. — ECSU's Independent Film Festival: 1 p.m.
— Gothika: 2 p.m.

Where? Student Centre Presentation Room

Questions? Comments? Feedback? Email us at monday_movies@hotmail.com
For the movies and more please by playing them at www.utm.utoronto.ca/events

UTM COMPUTER SHOP

computer
shop

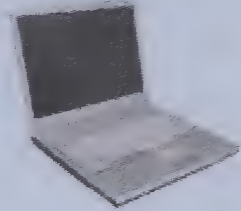
More Laptop Specials!!!

IBM Thinkpad R32 **\$1,399.00**
(2658HU1)

Pentium 4 1.6GHz,
14.1" XGA TFT, 128MB
20GB, Open Bay,
56k, 10/100 Base T,
TV out, Win XP Home



TTX TavelMate TM3000 **\$1,599.00**



Pentium 4 1.7GHz,
14.1" XGA TFT, 256MB,
30GB, DVD/CD-RW,
56k, 10/100 Base T,
Win XP Home

Sony Vaio PCG-FRV23 **\$1,799.00**

Pentium 4 2.0GHz,
15" XGA TFT, 512MB
40GB, DVD/CD-RW,
56k, 10/100 Base T,
Win XP Home



Sony Vaio PCG-GRT100 **1,999.00**



Pentium 4 2.66GHz,
15" XGA TFT, 512MB,
40GB, DVD+-RW,
56k, 10/100 Base T,
Win XP Home

Acer TravelMate C110TCi **\$2,799.00**

Pentium M 900MHz,
10.4" XGA TFT, 512MB,
40GB, DVD/CD-RW,
56k, 10/100 Base T,
Intel Pro Wireless,
Win XP Tablet PC



UTM Computer Shop

South Building, in the Bookstore
Monday-Friday 8:45 am - 5 pm
(905) 589-4687

www.campuscomputershop.com

All products are subject to availability. Pricing valid for members of the academic community. Prices do not include taxes.

Architects display designs for library

By FAAIZAH SALAHUDDIN

Finding a place to study in the library is a common complaint, especially around exam time. Tables in the library are usually occupied and the computer labs are often packed, leaving students competing to get to a keyboard.

There is hope on the horizon for those hoping for better study facilities in the library. UTM's new Academic Learning Centre/Library, slated to open in September 2006, aims to address these and other issues. Mary Ann Mavrinac, chief librarian, explained that the idea for a new library building came out of need.

"We have run out of space for students, collections, services and staff, and this was before the enrollment growth that UTM is experiencing had occurred."

According to Mavrinac, the new library is more than double in size and emphasizes 'people space' over 'collection space', contrary to the conventional idea of a library as simply a place to store books. In a recent UTM publication, Mavrinac asserts that "the modern library's mandate is to provide value-added,

personalised services in a high-tech environment; a location for intellectual interaction and study; and scholarly print and electronic resources in support of research and learning."

Located at the north end of campus, the new facility will be adjacent and linked by an interior walkway to the new CCIT building, and in turn, the South Building. Highlights include compact shelving to house the collection; a Library Café to eat and socialize in; and 1089 "smart" and safe study spaces, both individual and group. The library will provide a 70 per cent increase over the current study space. The new Academic Learning Centre/Library boasts ubiquitous, accessible, adaptive computing, both wired and wireless; teaching and learning services - the 'Academic Learning Centre' - and two "smart" classrooms; the Academic Skills Centre; and specialized services such as GIS, Data, and instructional technology. In fact, UTM's new Library will become the third-largest circulating library at U of T, behind Robarts and Gerstein.

The library sounds impressive,

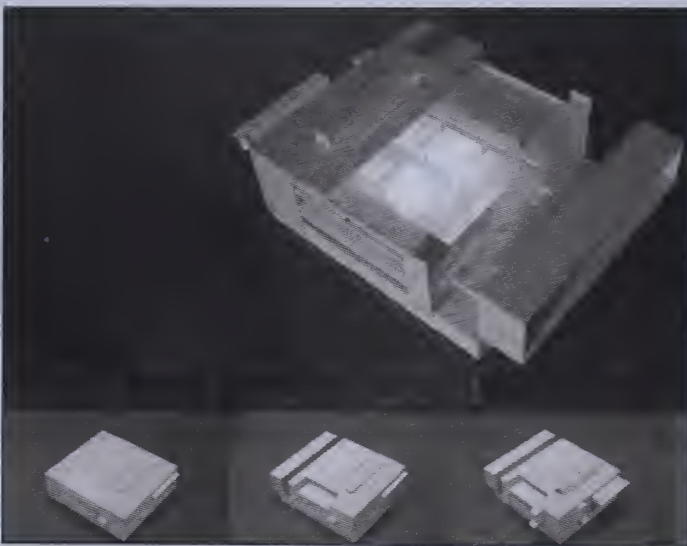
but many students are wondering who will be footing the \$34-million-dollar bill? According to Mavrinac, funding from the Ontario government's Superbuild 2002 program makes up the biggest piece of the pie at \$26.610 million - more than three-quarters of the total cost. The Enrolment Growth Fund foots part of the bill at \$7.176 million - approximately one-fifth of the cost. A comparably negligible amount of \$214,000 comes from the Student Library Enhancement Fund - an annual incidental fee of \$10.00 established almost two decades ago, levied on all full-time UTM students.

Construction for the new Academic Learning Centre/Library starts in fall 2004. At this point, Mavrinac said, "we're at the design development stage. The overall look and functionality of the exterior and interior are being established, individual program areas and rooms are located, and the actual site of the building is being finalized. This phase will extend until June 2004 when detailed drawings are completed."

So, what will happen to the old library once the new one is built? According to Mavrinac, plans for the existing library have not been established. Possibilities include student service space, classrooms, lab space, and office space.

A large number of students seem unaware of the library's new plans. Second-year political science student Farooq Mohiuddin admits, "I don't know much about it. I do think we need a new library... we need more study space, that's for sure."

"We're planning a web site on the new library to provide up-to-date information on the project," informs Mavrinac. "We're anticipating the site will go live early in the summer. We'll also develop more 'in library' visuals, now that we have a design from the architects that we can show." For more information, visit the Library Web site at www.erin.utoronto.ca/library/ and keep an eye out for updated displays within the Library.



photo/UTM Library

No, it isn't the latest 3D puzzle to hit the market, but it might as well be. The 'puzzle box metaphor' is the brainchild of Shore, Tilbe, Irwin & Partners.

Look, this is our last issue, just go to our freakin' web site will ya!!

<http://medium.sa.utoronto.ca>

Thanks!

Medium goes missing

continued from front

numerous letters to the editor concerning the then upcoming ECSU election.

Moneeza Ahmed, who was recently elected into the VP UTM position at SAC and will replace Seyhun next year, gave her thoughts on the situation.

"There were quite a few people offended by the picture on the front cover. I think *The Medium* should be sensitive to everyone's views in the future."
- Moneeza Ahmed

"There were quite a few people offended by the picture on the front cover. I think *The Medium* should be sensitive to everyone's views in the future," she said.

Upon hearing of the thefts, *the Medium's* publisher, Webmaster Inc., immediately offered to publish another 2000 free of charge. Even before the stacks around campus were replenished with papers, editors from *the Medium* made rounds of the campus. Copies were given to passing

students as well as left at various points around campus other than the traditional newspaper stacks.

"Whatever reason people had for stealing the papers, I don't understand how their goals were achieved," Colin Easton, a second year archaeology student said. "Everyone just pays attention to *the Medium* more now. People want to know now what was said that caused people to want it removed. Now people are flocking to *the Medium* and we see people right now, taking a look at the paper. Whatever the goals were of whoever the people were, I don't think they were achieved at all. I think in fact that it actually ended up hurting them even more."

Another student, Jennifer Ellis, was much more creative in her response to what she thought of the newspaper thefts.

"I'm shocked and appalled. I bet mutants did it," she said.

Regardless of who stole the papers, they were not the first to do so. According to one campus police officer who has worked at UTM since 1981, incidents similar to the recent newspaper thefts are not uncommon.

Much Appreciated

The end has come. I can still remember putting together issue one so many months ago and thinking, 'only 25 left to go'. It is so cliché yet it is so true that I could not have put this section together without the assistance and hard work of many people.

In the spirit of the Oscars, I'd like to thank...

My volunteers, for without you guys and gals, the news section would be made up entirely of my dry news drivel. The diversity of your voices added a diversity of reading to *the Medium* that is essential. An extra special big ups to Julie, Nadeem, and Daniel. The three of you wrote so many articles and you were always there when I was in need. Thank you.

Andrea, for providing me with constant support, wisdom, and always laughing at my jokes no matter how much they sucked.

Fiji, for keeping me up late Saturday nights no matter how much work I had to do on Sunday.

Mehraan, for making me stress over 'Talking Heads'.

Romano, for being such a Big Jerk.

Steph, for making our paper cute.

Johanna, for smoking me a joint when a joint was needed.

Marina, for having more trouble figuring out the opposite sex than I do.

Darryl, for being the most versatile user of MSN emoticons I have ever encountered.

Len Paris, for always giving me the 411 from the 5-oh's perspective.

Mark Overton, for putting up with my telephone profanity while trying to iron out the details of GSS motions.

Christine Capewell, for being the hottest UTM administrator by far.

Maxine Dawkins, for checking on me after Sex Pub to make sure I wasn't dead in a gutter.

ECSU, for just being ECSU, you guys are the coolest paid party planners I know.

SAC, for just being SAC, you guys are, well, SAC! Moneeza, for always keeping me on my toes about the objectivity (or lack thereof) of my articles. Next year is gonna be interesting.

Style n' Profyle, for providing such colourful sights and sounds for me to gaze down upon from my ivory tower.

Mom, for being the best damn Mom ever.

Peanut butter and jelly, for being PB and J!

Everyone else, for being everyone else...I'm sure you played some part.

More than anything, I want to thank each and every UTM student who ever picked up a copy of our newspaper. Thank you!

Students react to Cecilia Elections

BY ADRIAN BAREK

News that Cecilia Zhang's body was discovered in a wooded area a few kilometres north of Erindale College has shocked many across campus. The ravine where her body was discovered sits near the intersection of Eglinton Ave. W. and Mississauga Rd.; less than a five minute drive from the UTM campus.

Her body was discovered on Saturday, March 27 by a man walking his dog. The discovery ended an intensive, widely publicized man-hunt into Cecilia's abduction from her North York bedroom last October.

The distance between the crime scene and the UTM campus is large compared with some students who live near the ravine, attend the nearby Roman Catholic Church of the Croatian Martyrs, or have driven by along Mississauga Road. Katherine Kormos, a third year student and services coordinator for the Erindale College Student Union (ECSU), was very disturbed by the place of Cecilia's body.

"The location where her body was found, first of all is so close to campus and secondly, across the street from a house that I have stayed in," she said. "I have walked past that area in the dark many times. Any time something like this has happened I have always been far away from it, it has never happened directly in my area."

For some students, the discovery was tragic regardless of its geography.

"It's sad whether Cecilia was found here or anywhere else," said one fifth-year sociology student who lives near the ravine.

Various student leaders on campus reported a mix of emotions among stu-

dents they encountered over the week.

"This event angered a lot of students on campus and raised the question to how our prosperous society can create so many individuals that partake in such senseless and disgusting behaviour" Gengiz Seyhun, VP UTM of the Students Administrative Council (SAC) said. "The discovery of Cecilia's body is a shocking reminder to how precious life is and how vulnerable and close we all are to death."

"It's sad whether Cecilia was found here or anywhere else."
- anonymous student

Many users of Microsoft's popular MSN Messenger service expressed digital mourning at the discovery. A 'C' was placed at the start of many people's display names to honour the memory of Cecilia.

While the discovery of Cecilia's body will no doubt give her parents some degree of closure, the question of knowing or not knowing is one that students may ponder. Asked whether he would prefer not knowing whether his child was alive or not or being informed of the child's death, second year commerce student, Justin Woolsq responded,

"That is a complicated question. By finding out that she is dead, you extinguish hope. And when you extinguish hope, it's like pouring salt into a wound," he said. "If I were a parent, I would probably always want to know that even though I don't have my child, maybe they are out there somewhere living. I don't think I would ever want to find out that my child is dead."

continued from front

elections that there is an election going on. It (voting day campaigning) certainly increases the voter turnout, and allows for increased dialog between the candidates and student voters."

O'Connell went on to cite past experiences where a quiet period was in place on voting days whereby candidates could not campaign. The problem with this, according to O'Connell, was that candidates would get their friends to campaign for them, and the more friends a candidate had, the more votes they could muster and thus, it represented more of a popularity contest than the current system.

Gengiz Seyhun, the SAC VP UTM, was similarly positive in his assessment of future relations between SAC and ECSU.

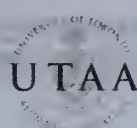
"Even if the elections somehow happen to get ratified and recognized by administration, I would still be very optimistic that relations will grow between the two organizations," he said. "You never know, the prank article in the *Medium* that mentions the merging of SAC and ECSU may actually become a reality, without all the perversion off course," Seyhun said.

How to Avoid Exams

- Take a trip nude to Alaska
- Read *The Medium* cover to cover
- Bungee jump with no bungee cord
- Sneeze until your brain implodes
- Read *The Medium* cover to cover
- Go to the ACC wearing Senator's gear
- Drink a whole bottle of 75% rum
- Read *The Medium* cover to cover
- Roll up the rim to play again



The University of Toronto Alumni Association invites you to celebrate the achievements of this year's recipients of



THE AWARDS OF EXCELLENCE AND THE NORTHROP FRYE AWARDS

at a ceremony on

TUESDAY, MAY 4, 2004 HART HOUSE

Award Presentation: The Great Hall, 5:30 p.m.

Reception: East Common Room, 6:30 p.m.

2004 AWARD RECIPIENTS

FACULTY AWARD

Dr. Donald Thomas Stuss
Departments of Medicine and
Psychology
Faculty of Medicine

CHANCELLOR'S AWARD

Sally Jean Walker
New College

JOAN E. FOLEY QUALITY OF STUDENT EXPERIENCE AWARD

J. Barbara Rose
Woodsworth College

LUDWIK AND ESTELLE JUS MEMORIAL HUMAN RIGHTS PRIZE

Professor George Elliott Clarke
Department of English
Faculty of Arts and Science

JOHN H. MOSS SCHOLAR

Maria Banda
Trinity College

UTAA SCHOLARS

Saswata Deb
Victoria College

Helen Liu
Trinity College

Shauna Morgan
University of Toronto
at Scarborough

Sonali Thakkar
Trinity College

ADEL S. SEDRA DISTINGUISHED GRADUATE AWARD SCHOLAR

Françoise Ko
Department of Pharmacology
Faculty of Medicine

UTAA

GRADUATE SCHOLARS

Timothy Corson
Department of Molecular and
Medical Genetics
Faculty of Medicine

Barnabas Emenogu
Department of Curriculum,
Teaching and Learning
OISE/UT

Nisha Shah

Department of Political Science
School of Graduate Studies

NORTHROP FRYE AWARD

Professor Alan John Bewell
Department of English
Faculty of Arts and Science

Cardiovascular Sciences
Collaborative Program
School of Graduate Studies
Faculty of Medicine

For information, please call
Linda Wells at 416-978-6536.
RSVP (acceptances only) by
April 14th, 416-978-0424 or
e-mail linda.wells@utoronto.ca
Business attire Limited seating

THE NEWEST & HOTTEST

all new
Sugar Daddy's
nightclub and lounge
NIGHTCLUB IN MISSISSAUGA

Empire Thursdays
House, R&B, Hip-Hop
with
Kenzone & Strong
with special guest
DJ Fazio

Style Code In Effect
Ladies FREE
before 12am

ROCK FRIDAYS

Sugar Daddy's Goes Rock
Each Friday
Ladies FREE before 11p.m.

Sweet Sexy Saturdays
The Biggest Dance Party
with DJ Constantine
and the Bad Ass Strippers

VIP GUEST LIST CALL
905 602 4990

FREE COVER & LINE BY-PASS
WITH THIS COUPON

all new
Sugar Daddy's
nightclub and lounge

THURS • FRI • SAT
VALID TO CAPACITY

SMIRNOFF
ICE

SMIRNOFF

SMIRNOFF
ICE
TRIPLE BLACK™

		HWY 401		
		AIMCO Blvd		50
		EGLINTON Ave		
		BURNHAMTHORPE Rd		
MISSISSAUGA Rd	UTM	HURONTARIO (HWY 10)	DIXIE Rd	
MAVIS Rd				

THE MEDIUM

Question of the year

"What is your favourite Medium memory?"

Tammi Sullivan,
Past Chief

"Working long week-end nights with soft mood lighting from the light tables."

Adrian Barek,
Future Chief

"Having a multitude of fine ladies partying it up in my office before Sex Pub. Scandalous!"

Johanna Kristolaitis,
cookie monster

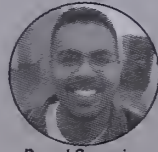
"Getting an eyeful of toilet seat after worshipping the porcelain god."

Andrea Civichino,
Current Chief

"Leaving before midnight on a Sunday...oh wait, that's not a memory, that was a wish."

Mehraan Pavri,
PB extraordinaire

"Those few moments with a lady-friend before Adrian walked in...you bastard!"

Darryl Sequeira,
Browntown

"It is a cross between the 'X key' & being a better sports editor than my predecessor!"

UTM's female athletes win Marie Parkes award

By J. SWISH

UTM's women's athletes can hold their heads up high this year as they have re-captured the prestigious Marie Parkes banner, awarded at this year's Recognize Intramural Banquet on the downtown campus. UTM defeated their cross town rivals, Scarborough by a slim 45 point margin, 929-884. The Marie Parkes

Award is presented annually to the college that combines high rates of participation as well as outstanding performance.

This is the first year UTM has won the award since 2000-01. Last year UTM lost out to Scarborough by the slimmest of margins. Despite winning more championships than Scarborough, UTSC had more teams go deep into the play-offs to take the

award.

This year UTM won only one League Championship in Field Hockey but collectively all of UTM's women's teams did remarkably well this year with all but 2 teams making the play-offs. Along with the Field Hockey Championship, UTM teams went to the Championship Finals in 3 other sports and were Semi-Finalists in 7 other league sports.

"All of the athletes on our women's teams should take pride in this award. It was a real team effort. We had only 1 default all season and the high attendance rate at games pushed us over the top", stated Jack Krist, UTM CPE Program Coordinator.

UTM is hoping to keep the banners coming next year but they will need more female participation to achieve this task. In addition to the Marie Parkes Award, UTM is hoping to regain the WISC Award for the most championships by a single college. With the way the teams played this year, they are well on their way to another banner year!



photo/Darryl Sequeira

Rez council elections

By ANDREW MCLEOD

The voting booth has closed on the second annual spring Residence Council elections. A total of 194 residence voters, approximately 25 per cent of all eligible voters, turned out between noon and 8 p.m. on March 25, to cast their vote. Two positions were acclaimed, with Dinesh Ramachandran becoming the second President of the council, and Mary Fincher returning as VP-Administration. For the position of Formal Coordinator, Angelique de Montbrun won over Millia Wong, and Angela Treglia was elected VP-Activities over Joseph Wu. Both victorious candidates have served as Community Representatives with the Residence Council since September, and have been heavily involved. A third person who has served with the Residence Council as a Community Rep, Andrew Stewart, beat out Matt Robitaille, Jamie Bell and Dawn Bygrove for the position of Athletics and Wellness Commissioner.

"My ultimate goal is that with a lot of hard work and perseverance, the Residence Council team will set the bar high for future councils on residence."
- Dinesh Ramachandran

The fourth position being contested was the closest vote of any executive election position to date, with Ashley Woodward edging out Annuar Rodrigues by a single vote for the position of VP-Finance. The other two candidates for that position were Richard Wu and Steven Thorne.

CRO Adrian Rawlings was impressed with the turnout, as well as

with how cleanly the elections were run. While the 25 per cent turnout is easily the biggest percentage seen in on-campus elections this year, it is less than half the turnout seen by the RC elections last spring. When this was pointed out, Rawlings was quick to point out that last year voting booths were placed in each phase, and voting took place over three successive days. This year, now that the RC constitution has taken effect, voting is required to be centralized in one location, and to occur in a single day. Another factor contributing to last year's turnout, the CRO added, was the fact that students were voting in a referendum on the RC's \$20 levy at the same time.

An event that guaranteed a huge success this year was the Spring Formal held on March 25, 2004. Students who attended declared it a huge success, and were impressed with what Meghan Rees and her committee had done. De Montbrun, however, is not content to simply repeat this year's performance. Plans to survey students are already in the works, because she wants "to get a better feel for what the students want."

Stewart, de Montbrun and Treglia all served on this year's Residence Council, and look forward to continuing to do their best to serve residence students. When asked about his goals for the upcoming year, Ramachandran replied "my goals next year are to make all the people working to improve residence a coherent entity, and i want to make residence more fun with successful events. My ultimate goal is that with a lot of hard work and perseverance, the Residence Council team will set the bar high for future councils on residence."

You Want It?? We Book It!!

In store, online, on the phone...the choice is yours!

Departing Toronto

Halifax
\$68

ONE WAY

Calgary
\$124

ONE WAY

London
\$419^{rt}

(Heathrow)

Athens
\$789^{rt}Sydney
\$1089^{rt}St Johns NF
\$84

ONE WAY

Vancouver
\$134

ONE WAY

Amsterdam
\$499^{rt}San Jose
\$559^{rt}

(Costa Rica)

Auckland
\$1299^{rt}

DOING EUROPE THIS SUMMER?

SAVE TIME!!! Fly into LONDON,
backpack Europe and fly home from:

Paris \$614

Munich \$629

NEED TO CHANGE YOUR PLANS?
DATE CHANGES ONLY \$50!

Subject to availability. Taxes/surcharges are additional.

Trains, Planes and...
a free VIP Backpacker Card!

- ☐ Backpack
- ☐ Passport
- ☐ Plane ticket
- ☒ Rail Europe Ticket
- ☐ Insurance
- ☒ VIP Backpacker card
- ☐ Toothbrush

Purchase any Eurail pass over \$650
between April 1-30/04 and
receive a free VIP Backpacker Card.

VIP membership gives you access to over 400 hotels in Europe!

There are over 50 Eurail passes, starting from \$342.
Passes and tickets issued on the spot at our shops.



Top Deck Discounts

\$100 off coupon in the Student Traveller
magazine, available in all our shops

(Applies to most Top Deck Europe tours. Not combinable with other offers)

save \$100



Heading Home?

Pack your bags and take advantage of great domestic
airfares. Westjet, Canjet, Jetsgo, Air Canada and more...

*Prices vary depending on route.

one way from



GRAD GIFTS for you!

Happy Graduation...ready for a break?

Enjoy \$50 off all Air Transat Holidays to Cuba,
Mexico, Las Vegas, Paris, London, Cruising and more!

Must be booked by April 16/04

save \$50



Don't forget protection

Bon Voyage™

Travel insurance the way you want it...

from just \$1/day

Subject to terms & conditions. Travel CUTS is owned & operated by the Canadian Federation of Students.

Travelling to Europe
For the Summer?

Stop by our office for more info on
Busabout and Eurail passes

starting from only \$342!

Visit www.travelcuts.com for a list of free
Travel Talks coming up in your area!

We are the largest Canadian owned
retail travel company, eh.

Book online at
www.travelcuts.com

U of T Mississauga – Student Centre 905.820.1162

TICO# 50009091

TRAVEL CUTS

See the world your way

EDITORIAL

THE MEDIUM

VOLUME 30 ISSUE 26

CIRCULATION 5000

APRIL 5, 2004

3359 Mississauga Rd., Room 200, Student Centre,
Mississauga, ON, L5L 1C6

Phone: (905) 828-5260 Fax: (905) 828-5402

Advertising: (905) 828-5379

Editorial E-mail: medium@canada.com

Advertising E-mail: medium_utm@lycos.com

Website: http://medium.sa.utoronto.ca

Editor-in-Chief • Andrea Civichino

News Editor • Adrian Berek Arts & Entertainment Editor • Marina Sigareva

Sports Editor • Darryl Sequeira Features Editor • Johanna Kristolaitis

Photography Editor • Mehraan Pavri Composite Editor • Stephanie Lazarevski

Copy Editors • Mike Faye & Maria Nguyen

Business Manager • Romano Bergic

Webmaster • Zazar Siddiqi

Shame on the newspaper thief

EDITORIAL

I'll never forget the call I received from ECSU President Adil Mirza while I was at home trying to recover from laryngitis. Mirza called to inform me that 4,000 copies of *the Medium* mysteriously disappeared from campus early Tuesday morning. Mirza and other members of ECSU formed a search team to look for clues. Without any success, the team had to end their search. Meanwhile, several thoughts started to race through my mind. Who is responsible? Why? Where did the papers go? I began to speculate who 'may' be behind this shameless act. Not only was this a direct stab at the hard work that our volunteer writers dedicate to the paper each week, but to the editorial board who edit and assemble the paper, and to our readers who look forward to receiving a copy on stands all over campus.

Unfortunately, there are many people who fail to understand the hard work that goes into producing a newspaper. For instance, as I prepare this editorial it is 4:20 a.m. (Monday morning) There are three other editors with me, working in the office. Most of us have been here since Sunday morning - often completing a 16 hour shift before retiring home for 'the day.'

I'm not looking for any sympathy or pity. The team worked together to overcome this hurdle. I worry about the students who were affected by this malicious act. Apart from advertising revenue, *the Medium* receives funding from students. The paper-thief (or thieves) took the liberty to waste your money because there was obviously something inside the paper that didn't appear to his/her liking.

I worry that Campus Police didn't notice over 500 copies 'mysteriously' disappear from the South Building, especially when one of the racks was a mere 20 feet away from their office. I worry that students will be denied information in the future, just because someone doesn't agree with the content in the paper.

We were grateful for ECSU's generosity, to pay for the reprint of 2,000 copies, so that you, the UTM student, could obtain a copy of your newspaper.

CONGRATULATIONS....

The following elected candidates will lead the Medium in the 2004-2005 academic year.

Editor-in-chief -

Adrian Berek

News Editor -

Julie Tyios

Arts and Entertainment Editor -

Johanna Kristolaitis

Features Editor -

Nadeem Basaria

Composite Editor -

Mehraan Pavri

Photography Editor -

Denyse Gibson

The Medium is published weekly by Medium II Publications, a non-profit, incorporated student organization. The opinions expressed within are those of the writers and editors and do not necessarily reflect those of Medium II Publications. **The Medium's** mandate includes informing students of local and national concerns, and giving Erindale College students an opportunity to practice journalism. Last issue folks! A special thanks to the editors and their dedicated writers!!

Top 5 THINGS I LEARNED FROM THE MEDIUM THIS YEAR:

5. UTM'S PARKING PROBLEM WILL NEVER BE RESOLVED.4. WHILE THE MEDIUM IS AN ESSENTIAL PART OF A UTM STUDENT'S LIFE, IT IS NOT AN ESSENTIAL PART OF A COMPLETE BREAKFAST. (TRUST ME, THE COLOR PICTURES AREN'T VITAMINES)3. STUDENTS LOVE TO COMPLAIN. EVEN ABOUT THINGS THAT ARE GOING RIGHT.

2. ARAMARK SUX. ARAMARK SUX. ARAMARK...

1. IN SQUIRREL WE TRUST. HE KNOWS ALL.

GOOD LUCK ON EXAMS!
(DON'T FAIL!)
SEE YOU NEXT YEAR! Squirrel!

Candidates need to get act together

Dear Editor,

When I attended UTM, I served as a Deputy Returning Officer (DRO) and a Chief Returning Officer (CRO) twice, so I am very familiar with ECSU election policies and procedures. Sadly, the candidates are not. It is nothing new for candidates to run for a position without knowing the job requirements. The epitome of the candidates' ignorance was evident when the ballot count was delayed by over 2 1/2 hours due to widespread appeals from the candidates and over the fact that they had all missed a clearly defined deadline. If you cannot meet simple deadlines or understand what you read, how do you expect to fulfill the responsibilities of the ECSU Council?

As CRO last year, I was disappointed by the candidates as a whole, as they put little or no effort into their campaigns (and, yet, they all bitch and whine about student apathy and poor voter turnout). This year, I was thoroughly disgusted by the tactics and

behavior of the candidates and their representatives. People inevitably criticize the CRO, believing in some imaginary ECSU conspiracy. For the pay received, the CRO works far too many hours and makes more enemies than friends, as the job is to enforce rules and deal out disciplinary action to juvenile half-wits that can't seem to follow simple policies. This year's CRO and DRO were hired mere days before the All Candidates' Meeting. This is not uncommon, as ECSU is late every year in advertising and hiring the positions, which is supposed to be completed prior to reading week to allow the CRO and DRO to familiarize themselves with the policy manual and formulate any additional policies specific to the particular election. I applaud Amy and Tom for doing such a difficult job with next to no preparation time, and for putting up with candidates who are so chin-deep in their own ignorance that they do not deserve to represent the students at an institute of so-called "higher learning".

The allegations and accusations against the Election Committee and other candidates were deplorable. I have never seen so much back door politics or slanderous campaigning at UTM, where candidates and their friends were outright harassing voters on the polling days. No candidate has managed to hold my respect following this election and, if I were still a student, I would not have voted for any of them. I wonder now how long it will be before ECSU's curse rears its ugly head and we see the first resignations of the year. I suspect that many of the acclaimed candidates who did not see their cohorts elected will quickly turn tail and split. Are they here for the job, or the clique?

Can the ECSU Council put aside their pettiness and work together, as true leaders, to overcome the conflicts expressed over the course of the election? See you at the by-election...

Michael Thomas
Former CRO and UTM Alumnus

Student leaders create conspiracy theories

Dear Editor,

As chair of the Elections Committee for SAC, I am writing in response to Adil Mirza's complaints about the SAC elections as well as the story Unity Ticket Sweeps SAC Elections. I would like to point out that the race for VP UTM had a voter turnout of between 10 and 15 per cent of the UTM campus - about five times higher than typical voter turnout for ECSU.

It concerns me that Mirza did not know where the UTM debates were happening, and frankly a little hard to believe.

As the President of ECSU, shouldn't he rely on more than just one candidate for this information? Why didn't Mirza just walk over to the SAC office (within metres of the ECSU office) and ask when the forum was (March 10, after SAC rescheduled it)? Why didn't he ask his co-executives on ECSU - most of whom attended the debate, including the one who was running for Vice-President, whom he cam-

paigned for? Why not head upstairs to the Medium office, or just go over to the Vibe Radio office? They all sent people. Seems to me like Mirza already had his mind made up by March 10, and didn't actually see a need to go to the debate - he knew who he would be voting for.

When Mirza says that the legitimacy of the winners is questionable, does he actually have any criticisms of how the elections were run, or does he just dislike the victors? The Elections Committee did create a fair environment, including handing out stiff penalties to any candidates that broke our elections code.

This was the fairest election seen in the recent past, and good evidence of this is the fact that so many executive candidates (both winners and not) stated that this race was fair. Perhaps Mirza's true rationale comes out when he states that he commends the Building Bridges ticket - maybe he just wanted them to win and was unhappy that UTM students did not vote with him.

If something smells rotten in the

state of Erindale, it is not the fact that students didn't care enough to run for the many SAC positions and many more ECSU positions which were acclaimed - but that student leaders with political agendas and pseudonyms like Robin Goodfellow are crying "conspiracy theory" when the truth is much simpler: every year there are some acclamations. It's unfortunate, but it's no one's fault Mirza, you could have run for SAC, but you didn't.

Dear readers, SAC's nomination period was advertised in the Varsity and *the Medium* weeks in advance - you could have run for SAC too, but you didn't. At least SAC at UTM didn't acclaim any executive positions, unlike ECSU.

Sincerely,

Alexandra Artful-Dodger
VP Operations 2003-04
Acting Chair, SAC Elections Committee

Letters Policy

Letters to the editor will be edited for spelling, grammar, style and coherence. Letters will not exceed 500

words in print. Letters that incite hatred, violence or letters that are racist, homophobic, sexist, or libelous, will not be published. Letters reflect opinions of the writers, and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editor-in-chief, the editorial board or *The Medium's* Board of Directors. In other words, just because its printed, it doesn't mean we agree with it. Submission does not guarantee publication. Submission of a letter pre-supposes the writer has read and agrees with this policy. Please submit letters on disk or email medium@canada.com



Paper thieves deny students information

Dear Medium Thieves,

Last week, one or more groups of UTM students took offence to the March 29, 2004 (Vol. 30, Issue 25) issue of the Medium. This issue was our annual April Fools issue, and the first and last two pages of the paper were purely fictional. They were intended to be a joke, and we at *the Medium* did our best to make them humorous.

Apparently some students on campus did not find our work amusing. On Tuesday, it became apparent that the stacks of the Medium were disappearing from various points around campus including the Student Centre, North and South Buildings. Whoever took them even went so far as to remove them from one of three St. George locations where they are delivered.

Rumours about who stole the papers have been swirling around campus like flies on shit. I know for a fact that many were taken and discarded because certain students took offence to the picture of Gengiz Seyhun on the cover. I find it somewhat ironic that these students were offended for Seyhun, when Seyhun himself was not offended.

If you are one of the people offended by the picture and/or article, there are some things you

should know.

The picture and article were meant as a playful joke, and were aimed at Seyhun because he is the leader of SAC. The picture and article were in no way a personal attack on his character, nor were they related to his recent engagement.

To Seyhun's fiancée, I congratulate you on your engagement and I sincerely apologize for any offence this picture may have caused you. I have dealt with Seyhun on many occasions this year regarding many school issues, and regardless of the issue at hand, I have always found Seyhun to be a man of integrity, honour, and all-around good character. The picture and article were nothing more than a friendly poke at the consistent and petty politics that occur between SAC and ECSU.

I have also heard many rumours about the papers being removed for political reasons, related to the ECSU elections. In all honesty, I don't care what reasons people had for stealing the papers, there is no viable excuse. In essence, you censored the media. There are many things I could say on the topic of censoring the media, but I have neither the time nor the inclination to do so here.

Instead, I offer something for your consideration. The next time you read something you don't like,

and it seems like a good idea to remove the offensive material so that others cannot read it, I ask you to consider some history first. During the French Revolution, hundreds of people were executed because they printed and/or distributed newsletters that featured idea and opinion that did not sit well with those in power.

In Nazi Germany, Hitler ordered the burning of millions of books to prevent the people of his country from thinking about concepts other than his own; and we all know about Hitler's concepts. For a more recent example, just look to Taliban-controlled Afghanistan before it was invaded by American and coalition forces.

The Taliban were notorious for their strict censorship policy, and banned nearly all form of foreign media.

When you stole the stacks of the *Medium* last week, you performed, on a small scale, the same act as the above examples; you denied able-minded people the choice to read and form opinions for themselves.

I can think of no greater a crime.

Sincerely,

Adrian Barek
News Editor, The Medium

Spaniards have different views on what constitutes cowardice

BY Daniel Filipe Martins

When the Spain went to the polls and voted to remove the Popular Party of José Maria Aznar from power I was not terribly surprised at some of the reactions from across the Atlantic. "Cowards," said the collective voices "You're handing a victory to the terrorists! You're letting them influence your elections and policies! We must stand united in the war on terror!" All wrapped up in the usual diplomatic, of course, with Junior in particular (you know who I mean) speaking of maintaining a united front without making direct reference to Spain.

I am no Spaniard, and I am not wholly cognizant of Spain's political trends and policies, but I read the papers and the BBC and I reckon I've accumulated a fair bit of international political consciousness, so I thought I'd take this opportunity to answer the above charges on Spain's behalf. I am well aware of the arrogance of the move, believe-you-me, but am willing to risk it nonetheless (besides, I've met people who believe themselves morally secure enough to write off the thousands of civilian dead killed by US bombs in Iraq as a necessary price to pay for its 'liberation'. How much more arrogant than they could I possibly be?).

The Aznar government (the one that just got flung out of office) went to war as the willing cohort of the US and UK in the war against Iraq. Detail: Most Spaniards even then opposed the war, and Spain's dispatch of troops did not go over particularly well either. But the Aznar government went ahead with it anyway, for reasons which remain a mystery to all concerned.

It's not like they need US money (Their membership in the EU has been highly beneficial), nor did al-Qaeda have much influence in the country before the war (Spain's premier terrorist group, ETA, is home-grown and seeks independence for the Basque region, not the wholesale destruction of the Spanish state). But Aznar leapt into the Iraq war nonetheless, and the people paid the price for his war: An horrific attack which left 202 dead and 1500 injured.

Now, let's make one thing absolutely clear for that small but vocal section of the pro-American, right-of-centre crowd who equate opposition to the "War on Terror" with support for terrorists: I think the peo-

ple who perpetrated these acts are wankers. They placed explosives on crowded trains and walked away. When they are found, they should be punished to the maximum extent of Spanish law, with no hope of parole or appeal. But those people died for no good reason. They were killed by terrorists, but the reason they died is because Aznar made Spain a target by associating itself with leaders who deal in deceit, disinformation and misdirection to achieve inscrutable strategic goals at the cost of the lives of the people whom they've conned their electorate into believing they meant to save. And then he had the gall to blame it on ETA, just a day after the event, when there wouldn't have been nearly enough time to gather enough evidence to support such a claim (and he was surprised that the electorate didn't buy it?).

Two hundred Spanish wives, husbands, fathers, mothers and children would still be alive today were it not for Spain's association with a nation whose idea of fighting terrorism involves the (further) bombing of an impoverished, virtually defenceless nation in order to get at one man, and then lying about the reasons for it. Spain had little to fear from external terrorists before the Iraq war. Even the most rabid, irrational fanatic needs some kind of *raison d'être*, and Spain hasn't propped up corrupt and brutal governments, fostered international terrorism (so long as it's the 'right' terrorism. Bet the Americans are still wondering why that nice bearded gentleman in Afghanistan who they trained to help lick the Russians turned out to be such a prick) or otherwise screwed over the third world in quite some time (even irrational and unreasonable hatreds are born from genuine grievances, although this is an explanation, not an absolution on my part).

So are the Spaniards cowards then, for voting out the party which lead them to ruin? No. Staying at home and not exercising their democratic privilege, now that would have been cowardice, but in fact the turnout was the highest it's been in years, on a continent where nobody votes anymore. The action proposed by those who decry the election as giving in to terrorism would essentially be to stay the course of Aznar; an unpopular participation in a war on terror which has lessened rather than strengthened international security; two wars which have resulted in the deaths of more innocent civilians than al-Qaeda, or whoever, has ever succeeded in butchering (except when WE do it, it's called 'collateral damage'); and the slow establishment of legislation representing a deterioration of US (and Canadian) domestic civil rights on a scale unachievable by even the most committed of cave-dwelling terrorist barbarians.

Those who decry the Spanish vote as giving in to terrorists would have the Spanish people stay with the status quo and dismiss all of the contradictions and outright injustices of the War on Terror. "Stay united," they cry. "We must all pull together. Banish what doubts you have, because what we do is Right, and only cowards, traitors and terrorists would possibly believe otherwise." I can make so many references to so many unspeakably brutal regimes on both sides of the political spectrum from Hitler and Stalin onward, if I didn't think the point would be lost.

But in the modern context, persisting without question in an unjust, brutal and unnecessary war in which the heroes increasingly resemble the villains has proven to be the Anglo-American way. I am pleased to see that it is not the Spanish way.

Fake reports gone too far

Dear Editor,

I am writing in absolute disgust with the Medium (Volume 30/ Issue 25). I sometimes enjoy the sarcasm you allow to be printed but I am certain this time you have crossed the line. I am referring to the Campus Wanna-Be Police Reports article. The language and poor humor reflect badly on the Medium, and I am appalled that you even considered printing such garbage. Specifically, I wanted to address the incident with a resident student attempting suicide. I am aware the writer tried to make this appear to be a joke in hopes to raise a giggle in the reader, but I feel this is a topic that should not and never be used in humor. Poking fun at a suicide attempt is unacceptable especially so close to the end of the year and finals. This article places a dark cloud not only on residence but the Medium itself.

There have been suicide attempts in the past and even this year... I know these students do not appreciate being mocked. This article is distasteful and I hope that for the reputation of Medium and as an Editor an apology is printed next week.

Nicole Rowney
Resident Student

*Editor's note: The Medium apologizes for any offense caused by last week's article.

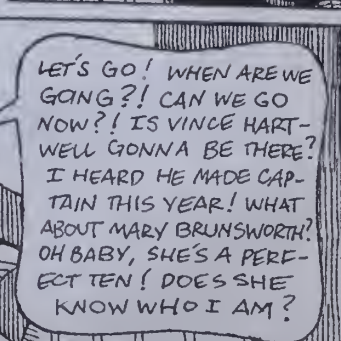
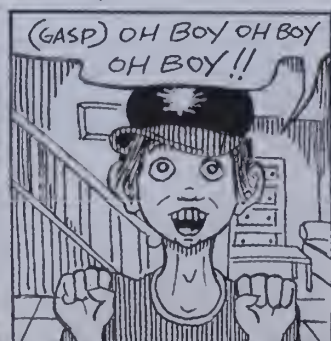
Wanna work
with an
outstanding
team?

Inquire about the
following positions
with the Medium:

Distribution Manager
Copy Editors
Web master
e-mail Adrian @
medium@canada.com

ANONYMOUS BY NICK MARNDAG '04

members, rogers.com/wrcam/anonymous



ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Henry Rollins teaches art of storytelling

BY LARISSA PALASZCZUK

A short and muscular gray haired forty-three year old is the smartest man walking the face of this earth.

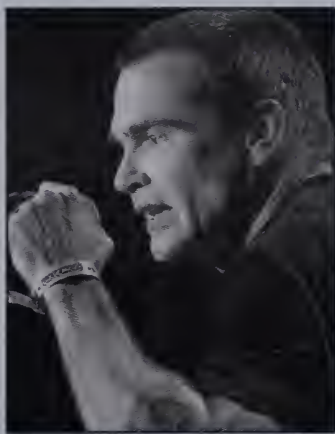
He has a big mouth and an even bigger brain and a very loud voice - this can potentially be dangerous. His name is Henry Rollins and he managed to keep U of T's Convocation Hall in compelled, explosive laughter for three hours last Friday night.

There are no words to explain Rollins, other than 'brilliant'. As usual, he brought with him his mental book of stories to entertain the audience.

He started off the night by taking a stab at the music industry (which this Black Flag and Rollins Band member knows a lot about).

He especially focused on the 'down-loading (or stealing) music' issue. Every

single word that came out of his mouth was intelligent; I was in shock to see that this man had the ability to verbalize perfectly what I have been thinking for years.



Since Rollins is American, he had the chance to explain to us his theory on George "Dubya", and at the same time redeem our theories about the country, saying that "we're not all idiots". In fact, some of the funniest things he said were regarding politics.

To get away from opinions, Rollins got into some outrageous tour and life stories. The ones he had from Japan were hilarious, and the experience he had with William Shatner was quite unique and interesting.

Life is funny. It is funny because it is true. And it is funnier when we take the time to look at it in such a way as Rollins does.

For anyone who is looking for some intellectual stimulation check out any one of his books. They, like this lecture, are worth every penny and every second. Brilliant!

Ron Perlman is stony demon *Hellboy*

BY JASON MARSH LAROCHE

There are elements that must be considered when adapting a comic book into a movie: appropriately-chosen actors, a screenplay true to the original story, and flawless special effects. Most important of all is a characteristic of the hero that is necessary: feet of clay.

Actor Ron Perlman, who portrays the title character *Hellboy*, provides that, and a stone right fist to match!

The plot begins with a flashback to 1947, during the last days of World War II. A U.S. raid on a remote island occupied by German soldiers interrupts a plan orchestrated by Grigori Rasputin (Karel Roden) to tip the scales of the war in Adolf Hitler's favour through supernatural means. As the Nazi scientist opens a portal to Hell, the U.S. attack and botch the attempt.

Rasputin is sucked into the portal before it closes. However, it had remained open long enough for something to come through: a small, red, demon infant with a stone hand. The paranormal researcher on the mission, Prof. Brutenholm (a.k.a. Prof. Broom, played by John Hurt) adopts the infant creature, which the soldiers christen "Hellboy".

Back in the present, Broom heads what is referred to as the Bureau of Paranormal Research and Defense. Its mission is to capture, contain, or eliminate supernatural forms of life, such as demons. Hellboy, now sixty years old but blessed with slow aging, is their top field operative. He is gifted in paranormal investigation and supernatural spell casting.

To the public, he is an urban legend, advertised through comic books and nearly a century of sightings (which are constantly covered up by the government). Hellboy is aided in the field by an amphibious telepath known as Abe Sapien (Doug Jones, voiced by David Hyde Pierce). They are soon aided by a new addition to the bureau named Agent John Meyers (Rupert Evans), assigned to be Hellboy's new aide.

A reluctant member, meanwhile, named Liz Sherman (Selma Blair) has left the only family she has ever known - and a lovelorn Hellboy - to stay at a

mental institution in fear of her uncontrollable pyro-kinetic abilities.

However, Rasputin, who has returned from Hell, sets a chain of events in motion that drive Sherman back to the bureau, threaten the lives of the unknowing human race, and force Hellboy to choose between continuing his service to humanity or become what he was born to be: humanity's end.

Created by writer and artist Mike Mignola, *Hellboy* is a project that has taken director Guillermo del Toro ten years to make because of his constant demand that Perlman be cast in the title role. To the character of Hellboy, Perlman brings attitude, skepticism, and humor, which is needed for such a grim-looking character. Also, he adds vulnerability to this unique individual, characterized through how he tries to express his feelings for Liz and his underplaying the seriousness of demon-hunting situations.

In many ways, Hellboy is depicted as a very old teenager with the mannerisms of a Hell's Angel biker. However, he lacks chemistry in regards to Broom, whom he calls "Father". Also, the only time you really see how much he cares for Liz is when he finally expresses his feelings for her and when he thinks he's lost her.

As for Selma Blair, her character is not given enough substance. However, her reluctance to become intimate in the film is the catalyst for Perlman's character to evolve emotionally. The major villain, finally, is supposed to be both Hellboy's nemesis and creator, but he only seems like a lingering presence in the film, even in the climactic ending.

del Toro wrote the screenplay and stayed true to Hellboy's origins, and from that point the story becomes an action-packed adventure that incorporates a lot of high-tech and low-tech special effects. In a world where CGI has become the norm in sci-fi action movies, one would hardly guess that the first demons that Hellboy fights are really animatronics suits worn by actors.

The climax, though heavy in effects and features one of the only CGI characters in the film, is a little difficult to swallow because of the lack of emotional involvement. It's just another monster

to kill. On a metaphysical level, it may be meant to represent Hellboy rejecting his heritage since this thing is straight from Hell.

Although *Hellboy* is another in a long of comic book movies to successfully transcend the ink to celluloid film, it delivers in some areas but fails in others.

There will obviously be a franchise from this film because there is still some potential for it to be great.

Just as X2 proved to be the first *X-Men* movie's redeemer, every die-hard Hellboy fan will be waiting to see if this particular demon will garner enough attention to give reason to tap into that potential.

Kurt Cobain

February 20, 1967 - April 5, 1994



BY GITA GULATI

When Kurt Cobain died, his mother said that he had joined "The Stupid Club". She cited Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, and Jim Morrison as other members of this club. I didn't know who they were, but I knew who Kurt Cobain was. And I never thought he was stupid.

Kurt Cobain to me is the first rock star we ever really knew. I must admit, Kurt Cobain would have never been my idea of a star. He was everything that a star should not be; he looked dirty and disheveled. He was unassuming, quiet, and angry, and he wasn't trying to sell us anything. I didn't even listen to alternative music but Nirvana's pulsing hooks drew me in.

I remember hearing Nirvana on the radio, and struggling to hear what Kurt had to say over the loud music. He always managed to get me with just one line. Remember "I feel stupid and contagious," from "Smells Like Teen Spirit"? Well, that's how I felt, and I was amazed that someone could admit that.

Kurt Cobain was, and remains, one of the few artists whose lyrics I could pore over and read for hours. I never could tell exactly what he meant to say, but I could feel the pain and disenchantment in his every word. Kurt was strikingly honest in his music; he shared his feelings with the world, no matter how ugly. He admitted to thoughts I could never even write down in my diary, let alone share with the world. He wasn't trying to deny how scared and fucked up he was.

I admired Kurt Cobain for being so fearless and daring; I was in awe of him. Kurt's music was poetry; he was showing us his soul. When I heard Kurt Cobain had died, I wasn't surprised. He was like a shooting star, he blazed bright and brilliant and then faded into the night sky. Kurt's music expressed darkness in our being, which so few people ever truly admit to.

It may sound stupid, but I found it hard to believe that he even could have existed.

vibe 91.9 fm
is now hiring

We are looking for individuals for the positions of:



- Station Manager
- Deputy Station Manager
- Promotions Manager
- Production Manager
- Music Director

Positions run from May 7, 2004 to May 15, 2005

THINK YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES?

Drop of your resume at VIBE (student centre), or email it to rpmatvibe@hotmail.com (direct all resumes, cover letter included, to Kapil Suri) for more info check www.feelthevibe.org or call 905.828.5310

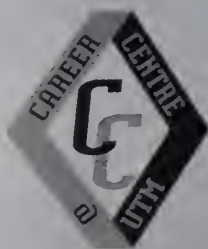
DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS IS APRIL 16 !!!

Resume and Cover Letter Workshop: Apr. 12, 12:00-2:00. Summer Job Search: Apr. 13, 11:00-12:00.
Now That I'm Graduating, What's Next? April 8, 11:00-12:00; April 14, 2:00-3:00; April 20, 6:00-7:00.
Resume and Cover Letter Critiques: April 8, 10:00-3:00; April 13, 10:00-3:00; April 21, 10:00-2:00.

Workshop Blitz for Graduating Students: Week of May 10th: Resume & Cover Letter; Explore Your Career Options; Now That I'm Graduating What's Next?; Graduating Work Search; Effective Interviews.
Details online!

The Career Centre is open through exams and all summer. Hours: M/W/Th/F 10-4 and Tuesdays 10-7.

CAREER CENTRE @ UTM www.utm.utoronto.ca/careers



Have fun with bodily functions

BY LARISSA PALASZCZUK

Personal interpretations of daily life conditions can be called "art". Everything from love and sex, to music and friends, to eating, and even shitting, apparently. These observations are presented to the human eye at Harbourfront's Power Plant art gallery in three very different exhibitions - *The Republic of Love* (Shary Boyle, Jay Isaac, Paul P., Tony Romano), *Pink Flag - White Horse* (Daniel Richter) and *Cloaca - New & Improved* (Wim Delvoye).

The feelings derived from them? On one side of the spectrum, confusion and dislike, on the other side, delight by humour and cleverness.

The Republic of Love: the name tells all. It is an exhibition by four artists who illustrate their thoughts on love. First, Scarborough's Shary Boyle does simple, childlike drawings with gouache and pencil on paper of people in suggested sexual positions reminiscent of the Kama Sutra. This somehow shows the dependency of couples in relationships on each other.

Then Jay Isaac's paintings, entitled 'New Age Philosophy', are fantastical Dali-esque landscapes with people emerging here and there. It looks very alien and is supposed to be interpreted as love emerging from the past into the future.

Paul P.'s paintings of attractive young boys are actually images derived from,



Paul P., *Untitled*, 2003. Graphite on paper.

gay pornographic magazines of the 70s and 80s. This tries to hint at the loss of youth.

Finally we see Tony Romano's 'If By Chance' and 'Love Song' (the more entertaining pieces in the room). The former resembles something like a video game in which you watch two people, a man and a woman, coming from two different sides of a street and wanting them to meet, because they're oh so close. The latter shows a room with a light show and a typical love song melody playing, and this tries to

provoke emotion.

Pink Flag - White Horse by Daniel Richter is a room full of massive paintings which depict everything all at once. His paintings come from images found on various other mediums (album covers, comics, newspaper clippings) and really were there for personal interpretation.

The most clever exhibit is Wim Delvoye's *Cloaca - New and Improved*. This piece requires minimal thought but a strong stomach. First off, CLOACA is most likely supposed to be COCA-COLA scrambled. This sets the tone, because the whole exhibit pokes fun at our very favorite corporate logos (Mr. Clean with his intestines exposed, Harley Davidson is changed to say Cloaca-Turbo with a confused Eagle, and typical Ford and Coke logos just say Cloaca).

Now the main tease is the big machine in the middle of the room. Hooray for the digestive system. The room looks like a lab, and the digestive system contains the "mouth", the pancreas, the intestines and the ass. The ass actually shat. It was fantastic. The glass jugs that were the pancreas and intestines had real bile in them so it seemed exactly like a human stomach.

But what's Delvoye trying to say with this shitting machine?

"It is a living being without purpose,

but a work of art with 'human needs'". These human needs are that the machine needs constant looking after, cleaning and such.

So what's the moral of all these various displays of personal thoughts? As Delvoye puts it, "Shit and contemporary



Wim Delvoye, *Cloaca - New & Improved*, 2001. Mixed media.

art are good friends indeed".

Truly. These exhibits require your own interpretation, and it may be difficult, but try to find some fun in it.

Republic of Love, Daniel Richter: *Pink Flag - White Horse*, and Wim Delvoye: *Cloaca - New and Improved* are on display at Power Plant Contemporary Art Gallery to May 23.

CORNER

For the week of Jan. 5-/04

Clubs Pub - Tuesday, April 6 at 6p.m.

Free to all club members and executives.

Announcement of the club of the year.

Final ECSU Clubs meeting for the term is

May 11, 3p.m. in the Board Room.

Mandatory for all clubs.

Thanks for a great year from all clubs.
I will miss you, and thanks for the
memories and contributions to UTM.

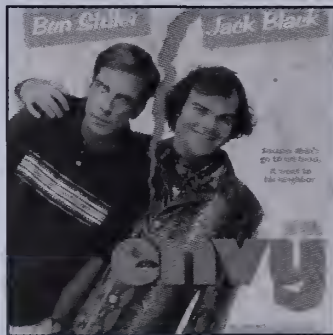
- Jon Lee, 2003-2004 Clubs Commissioner

CLUBS

Need something to do
to forget exams?

Want to see a movie before
anyone else?

Feel like laughing your
socks off, at no extra
charge?



Pick up an Advance Screening
pass for the new Ben Stiller/
Jack Black movie *Envy* at
the Medium office.

You and a guest can check out
Envy in Toronto on
Thursday, April 29.

Hurry, because only a limited
number of passes are available!



Jewish Students Club at UTM Campus

UTMJewishClub@hotmail.com

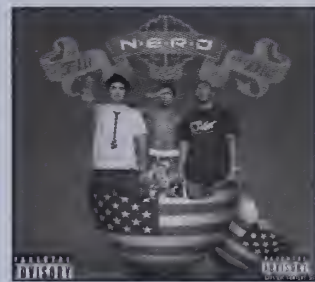
905-820-4432

- Socialize with other Jewish Students
- Enjoy FREE Shabbat meals
- Much, Much More!

Need any help with
Passover arrangements?
Call: 905-820-4432

EMI has sent the Medium
more music albums than we
know what to do with!

If you want to help us give
great music a great home,



come to the Medium office,
and adopt new The Vines,
N.E.R.D., Wil, Alfie, and
Sondre Lerche!

Giveaway works on a first
come, first served basis.

Thank you:

Andrea Civichino. Writers: Larissa Palaszczuk, Adam Domenchini, Elsa Degeneres, D. Viberater, Johanna Kristolaitis, Khadine Chatoor, Magda Czechowicz, Utami Kirana, Julie Tyios, Jennifer Browne, David Dishart, Dany Shehab, Matt Laffrade, Ana Saravolac, Raechelle Dias, Gita Rai Gulati, Andrea Jardin, John McGlashan, Nadine McDonald, Carol Mechedjian, Candice Jay, Dana Grimaldi, Jason Marsh Larouche, Heather Fittante, Heather Martin, Nikki Yeh, Collin Andrade, Robin McIntyre, Cindy Cosentino, Jenny Jolie, Andrew Davy, Sabrina Baldini. Matt Sullivan.

THE BLIND DUCK

Last Pub This Thursday!!!

It's your last chance to party before exams. Tickets go on sale Monday!

Get them before they're gone! Advance tickets are \$5.

\$8 at the door. Doors open at 10p.m.

A U.T.M. TRADITION



REALM

Realm is anything you want it to be. It's *the Medium's* art and literature supplement - a creative outlet for budding writers, artists, photographers, poets etc. It's a place for people to share their thoughts, dreams, ideas and stories.

The tradition of Realm started many years ago as a pull-out section in the last issue of the paper's publishing schedule. Sadly, the concept of Realm was not maintained. I feel that it was necessary to re-introduce Realm to the UTM community. If you read *the Medium's* declaration on editorial page every week, you'll know that *the Medium's* mandate is to give students the opportunity to practice journalism and writing. Realm is reaching out to another group of people who want to contribute to the paper, but not in the news, sports or arts and entertainment capacity.

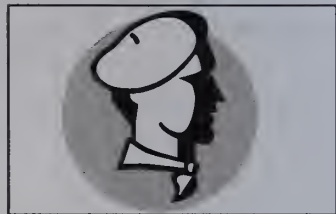
A special thanks to Realm's contributors. Thanks for sharing your poetry, creative writing and art work. We received a positive response, many asking if Realm will be a weekly addition to the newspaper. Our contributors submitted multiple pieces - I wish there were more pages to publish all of their work.

Thanks to Stephanie Lazarevski, composite editor for designing our headers and to our Features Editor Johanna Kristolaitis who shared her knowledge of funky fonts, layout skills and for publishing stories and poems she received from her volunteer writers.

Sit back ... and enter into their world. We hope you enjoy the journey.

Andrea Civichino, Editor-in-chief

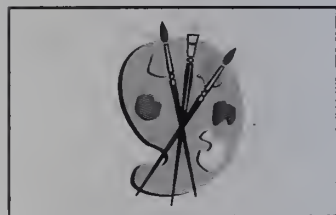
Artist Profiles



Tanaz Bhathena was born in Bombay, India on July 24, 1985. At present, she is a first year Commerce student at UTM. She began writing at age eleven and has written for publications like *Young Times* and *The Medium*. Apart from writing, she enjoys reading novels, playing the piano and long walks.



Terry Harjanto is the kind of person who isn't sure that he or anything else exists. Because of this, he spends his time looking for stuff to do till the universe collapses in on itself. Most of his time is spent playing video games or experiencing random fits of visual and literary creativity.



I am a third year student at UTM majoring in English and Political Science. Currently, I am taking the English Department's only Creative Writing course (ENG 329) with Professor Greene. In the future, I hope to pursue a Master's in Creative Writing at the University of Toronto.
-Greg Shupak

My name is Sam Cheuk, I'm in my 4th year doing an English specialist and a classical studies minor. I emigrated from Hong Kong to BC when I was ten, then moved over to here for school when I was twenty. I've been published in Canada and Hong Kong; most recently in the forthcoming issue of *Dim Sum*, a Hong Kong literary journal.

Jordan Downey is currently in his second year of studies at Erindale, where he is specializing in archaeology and majoring in history. Jordan admires the ideals and writing style of the Romantic period, and tries to follow them. He loves nature, and all things really, which he tries to show in his writings.

I, Katarina Ilic, was born in Toronto Oct. 13, 1982. I spent most of my life wondering who I am and is and what is it that I want to do. Ever since I was a child I could remember one of the things that could bring a smile to my face no matter how bad my day, month, or year had gone was my writing. I loved to write short stories and poems and have been doing so for a long time. As a child I could remember looking up at the night sky and the stars and wondering what life holds for me. What ever comes of my education I know that writing always has and always will be a part of my life.

Jackie Davis is a fourth year student, majoring in Psychology and Crime and Deviance, and minoring in Professional Writing. She has previously published short stories in "Horsepower", "Brainwaves", "Fresh! Online" and the University of Guelph publications "Stone Sky" and "Focus."

Bushra Khan is currently pursuing a degree in arts/science, honours life sciences. Khan takes pleasure in reading, writing, signing and painting as well as actively participating in OSAID (Ontario Students Against Impaired Drinking and Driving), Amnesty International, P.A.U.S.E and the Women's Centre at Erindale.



Shoilee Khan is a second-year student at UTM currently studying English, History and Professional Writing. Born in Calgary, Alberta and raised in Mississauga, Ontario Shoilee visited Bangladesh, a small country located between India and Burma when she was 11. This visit to her parent's home country served as a basis for this story. Shoilee hopes to continue writing in the future.

I am currently trying to get my first novel published but other than that, my only published writing has been in the *Medium*. I've had several articles printed in the 'Features' section. I am also working on a second fiction novel. It is comprised of short chapters which might be conducive to serial publication. Nerrad Evorglens

My name is Shazia Khan, and I'm a first year student at UTM. I hope to major in psychology and english. I have been creatively writing for three or four years now, writing mostly poetry and song lyrics, as well as the occasional short story. I currently reside in Oakville.

Sharon McCartan is a second year student majoring in anthropology and professional writing. She currently works at a donut shop, awaiting the day when she finds the perfect career that combines her interests in sleeping in, watching low-brow talk shows, reading Far Side anthologies and eating cheesies.



J o a n n a S t a r c z e w s k i



B
u
s
h
r
a

K
h
a
n

PAINTING: MALE VIOLENCE AND SEXISM
MEDIA: WATER COLOURS
SIZE: 22 X 28"
YEAR: 2003

The Granddaddy Birch

BY JACKIE DAVIS

"I'm going to run over to Doug and Elizabeth Campbell's for a quick cup of tea. Do you want to come?" Mom leans against the red door frame of the porch. She holds her straw-coloured purse in one hand and her sunglasses in the other. She wears blue cotton slacks. Even here at our cottage in Algonquin Park she won't wear shorts if she knows someone will see her legs. She inherited her mother's legs: thick and short. Luckily, I didn't.

"Where's Uncle Max?" I ask and lift myself up from the lounge chair by my elbows to peer through the screen porch windows. Outside, the wind whips the pine branches that brush the side of the cottage and jostles the two hummingbird feeders that hang in front of the windows.

"He went fishing." She pauses.

"I'm sure he won't be back for a while."

Mom looks anxiously out the window. "That wind's getting strong. I hope that old birch tree in the back won't come down." Last summer Mom noticed that the giant birch tree behind the cottage had begun to uproot and tilt perilously close to the woodshed roof.

"It'll probably be fine. It survived the winter, didn't it?" I lean back in the chair and pick up my Grade 11 Independent Study novel, *Animal Farm*. "I guess I'll stay here. Bring me back a cookie."

Mom waves goodbye and clomps across the wooden floor out the back door of the cottage. The cottage is a true cabin in the

woods, with no electricity or plumbing, heated by a woodstove in the kitchen. The kitchen tap pumps water from the lake through a crude pipe system. We use an outhouse 15 yards from the back door of the cottage as a bathroom and wash our hair in the lake. At night we light kerosene lamps, and play cards and read the novels that are stacked in the birch-log book shelf near the stone fireplace.

It's the end of May and Mom and I brought Uncle Max with us to open the cottage for the summer. The ice on Canoe Lake doesn't melt completely until April. The cottage sits on an island, inaccessible by car. Our closest neighbours are an elderly couple, the Campbell's, a ten minute hike away.

I pull a ratty checked quilt over my body and doze. Rain begins to tap on the porch roof and spit through the window screens. For a moment I worry about Uncle Max on the lake.

Max was drunk when we picked him up the morning before, in Hamilton where he lives in a subsidized housing complex. He burned a hole in the front seat of the car with his cigarette, then passed out, and snored.

"Well, there's no alcohol at the cottage," Mom had said when she saw me stare at her through the rearview mirror. "He'll sober up."

I gather up the quilt around my hips, and drag it into the main room of the cottage. I sit down at the long table, covered with a blue and white plastic picnic tablecloth. Gray light from the skylight in the slanted roof provides just enough clarity to read. We had the sky-

lights – this one, and one in the kitchen – put in the cottage roof last year. Max fought these changes, and the other improvements Mom suggested: a newer stove, a wider pipeline for the water, a composting toilet. Mom wants to cut down the old birch tree, but Max won't let her. The cottage is the only thing that Max has to tie him to the past, before he lost his job and wife to alcoholism, before he went to jail for drunk driving, before my grandmother threatened to kick him out of her house if he didn't enter into a rehabilitation program.

The rain has stopped. In the small kitchen, I eat marshmallows from the breadbox on the counter and add a short, splintery piece of wood to the stove. I use a curved cast-iron handle to open the door to the stove and shove the wood inside. Max chopped two wheelbarrows of wood the moment we arrived, while my Mom and opened the red window shutters and wiped dust from shelves of all the cabinets.

The wind continues to rattle along the roof and moan against the walls. I can feel drafts creep in through the cracks around the window frames.

I take the muddy, slick path to the outhouse. On my way to the cottage I detour past the woodpile to the cold storage area, a deep pit lined with plastic, tucked close to the side of the woodshed.

I kneel down, tug open the lightweight trap door, slimy from the rain, and reach in to pull out a Coke. I rearrange the cases of club soda and the juice bottles to make

sure Max hasn't hidden any alcohol at the bottom. The wind howls and rips the door from my hands as the metal hinges snap. I stand up. My fingers sting and I hold my left hand in my right.

I hear a loud groan and then a crack. I turn. I watch the giant birch tree topple and smash into the side of the woodshed. Green wood from the roof explodes into the sky like popcorn and rains down around me. A chunk of wood hits the left side of head, at my hairline. Splinters spray down across my face. Twigs, wood chips and dust churn through the air and sting my eyes. Behind me, I hear the wind drag the door of the cold storage across the ground. My head feels hot and slimy. I touch my ear and pull my bloody fingers away. I sit down in the mud. I stare at the tree. I hadn't really looked at it before. It's as thick as three hydro poles with thin peeling white bark. The roots drip muddy soil and snake down into the ground like long, gnarled witch fingers. A granddaddy birch, Uncle Max had called it when Mom told him we needed to cut it down.

Uncle Max. I hear footsteps behind me. "Jesus. Jackie?" He kneels beside me. He wears a yel-

low rain suit and carries a tin pail with a fish in it. He touches my shoulder. "What happened?"

"It fell. My head hurts." He smells like rubber and stale cigarettes. I want to pull away from him. I want to lie down and sleep in the mud. I want to throw up. My head feels like a giant tomato, oozing red pulpy guts. My arms and legs are covered with tiny pink scratches.

He studies the side of my head. It's raining again. Water drips from his curly gray hair to his short, thick mustache, then down across his lips and chin.

"Don't touch me!" I shriek when his hand reaches up. Blood flows down my cheek and stains my lavender tank top.

"It doesn't look that bad, really, you know. It doesn't look very deep. Your head bleeds a lot when it gets hit, because you have a lot of capillaries close to the surface of your skull."

I stare at him.

"Let's get inside." He puts his arms around my shoulders and steadies me as I stand up.

"I want my Coke."

He grabs it and hands it to me. We look at the woodshed and the tree.

"It's too bad," he says. "I loved that damn tree."

Autumn Equinox

BY SAM CHEUK

Tonight I peep through the window
 and can't quite seem to recall my youth
 in the autumn leaves,
 dangling damp and dumb on cracked branches.
 Nor can I detect the dirge of insects
 composed on the belly of the menopausal earth;
 muffled out by the worn coughs,

putt...

putt...

putt...

as it passes,

a rusted muscle car of no significant memories.

Tonight, from this landscape
 I will not gather historical anecdota
 or wild berries, not while
 this mild storm is dragging
 along small doses of snowflakes
 barely enough to hush a clock
 or invoke an a-choo.

Tonight the weight of the world
 sits half-assed on a creaky stool,
 and T.S. Eliot's collected work is only so thick.

All that is here:
 trees, sidewalk, streetlamps, a gas station (67.9/L)
 and everything else
 beyond my bunny slippers
 staring into my bored eyes upside-down,
 coaxing my numb feet.

Tonight I shall endure the abysmal
 bellybutton of my myopia,
 tossing and turning under my feather-down
 a little.

The Field Trip

BY SHARON McCARTON

I'd been looking forward to one particular day since school began. In November, the threes and fours all packed up and got to visit the museum to see a special exhibit on Ancient Egypt. So I bundled up in my yolk-coloured snowsuit and trundled onto the bus that morning.

"Darling," Mrs. Ward clucked as she took attendance, her legs scarlet from the snow, "A little tubby like you really shouldn't be wearing yellow. It's just not slimming."

With that she lit off to another little girl who had appeared on the bus without a coat and with peroxide-bleached hair that looked like the end of a mop.

"Mandee, honeykins," Mrs. Ward called out, "Didn't your mother ever tell you that peroxide will damage your roots?"

Mandee frowned and plunked herself down on the burn-mot-

tled vinyl.

I still wonder if Mrs. Ward purposely made the comment because she knew the kid's mother was in for solicitation. Then again, even Mrs. Ward, whom I'd seriously considered Lucifer reincarnate, couldn't be that cruel. There were three to a seat on the bus, but I didn't care. Georgetown was left behind, along with the block after block of corn and cattle fields.

We passed my old school, my old friends playing amongst the flowers and swing set I'd once taken for granted. The Georgetown kids on the bus started to get bored and threw paper airplanes around. Mrs. Ward didn't notice.

She was too busy showing one of the other mothers her new Prada bag. Amanda and Miranda took the responsibility for maintaining order upon themselves. Turning toward us, Miranda sneered disapprovingly.

"Maybe we should drive back and leave you with your friends

the first graders," Amanda said.

Mrs. Ward noticed her lording it over the rest of the bus, and patted her on the head, "Thank you, dear, I didn't notice how rowdy this crew was getting."

"Just doing what I'm supposed to. I'm a hall monitor, y'know," she replied sweetly. Typical Amanda.

The museum, once we got there, contrasted starkly with the primary school in Georgetown. It smelled of dust and old paper, the air was cold and dry, and the ceilings were high as a cathedral's. Every whisper reverberated through the hallway. Statues in pink clay towered above us in glass cases.

Our tour guide was chubby and geekish, with bottle-thick glasses and dressed in baggy jeans, a sweatshirt, and an electric blue vest. I could see Mrs. Ward looking her over like some kind of insect that needed spraying. Not that the girl noticed.

She skipped around the room, pointing to third dynasty statuettes, explaining what faience was, and why we have leavened bread. Every statue had a name, a story, a title, and the dumpy girl

came alive as she told the story of each one. That was the day I decided I wanted to learn about archaeology.

Mrs. Ward complained about her high heels, Miranda said that it smelled funny and to get a better view, Amanda shoved me aside.

The tour girl cheerfully led us into the next room, empty save a bench and a few artifacts scattered around the room. There were busts, statuettes, imprinted hieroglyphs on clay, and a giant pottery ankh that reminded me of a clay crucifix.

"Now, let's all sit down in the artifact room! Who wants to hold this one?"

She held up the pink-brown ankh in one grimy hand, and looked meaningfully toward Mrs. Ward. Mrs. Ward was glancing in my direction, but not at me, motioning with her eyes to hand the artifact to Amanda.

The tour guide squinted and looked straight at me.

"Here, little girl! It's called an ankh!"

It was in my hands, cool and chalky, and far more fragile than it had appeared from afar. Mrs.

Ward's horrified expression sent a shrill wave of excitement through my body.

I smiled, held out the ankh, and with one quick motion, dropped it. The clay shattered against the ground.

"You little bitch," Mrs. Ward breathed, "You just dropped that on purpose."

Did I? I'm not so sure anymore. I know I wanted to, but whether I'd actually thought about it, and then let it go, I don't know. Either way, I hadn't expected Mrs. Ward to swear at me.

The class gasped collectively. She had used a swear word! The tour guide laughed nervously,

"It's all right... I mean... it's the second time this week. I'll just get the staff potter to make another. You... you didn't think I'd give the real thing to a kid?"

Our trip was abruptly cut short. Mrs. Ward put one manicured hand to her forehead and soundlessly stalked out of the museum. We all followed her back to the bus quietly.

The next day Mrs. Ward was gone.

Strength Inside Me

BY Katarina Ilic

*When I'm all alone and have nowhere to turn;
When the searing hot pain inside my soul does burn,*

I have the strength within myself to get me thought.

*When the world turns away;
When it does no good to pray,*

I have the strength within myself to get me through.

*When I'm surrounded by doubt;
When my heart is in pain;
When my cries for help are in vain,*

I have the strength within myself to get me thought.

*I look at the world and there is so much to see
Yet I fail to recognize that the same courage and beauty is deep within me*

*When I'm feeling sad and blue;
When I have no one to run to,*

I have the strength within myself to get me through.

When the world seems black and there is no turning back,

I have the strength within myself to get me through

When everything is upside down and all I can do is frown

I have the strength within myself to get me through.

I have great power inside and so do you.

The Grandfather's Response

BY JORDAN DOWNEY

Oh my child
You are beautiful, and I love you so
For you have a special gift
Do not let that go

I cannot answer all your questions
For not even I know the answers to all
And you will know more in your lifetime
Than I ever will

But I do know this one thing:

You are a curious young child
You are not afraid to ask about what

you don't know
And that is a great virtue
So you must make it your life's mission
To set about answering those questions
So that you will be wise
And one day when your Grandson asks
You will be able to answer his inquiries

But please promise me just one thing
You must never stop questioning
And never stop learning
And by heeding this advice
You will go far
And shall be wise
Then maybe, just maybe
You will know all that there is to know

A Poem Written In Dedication To All Those Who Care

BY BUSHRA KHAN

**This daughter of Eve
with tears filled eyes,
full of feeling, full of life,
waits long for a new sun
rise**

**She is the one ever since
deprived;
of love, loyalty and happiness
in life.**

**Struggling to please all
in her life time strive.**

**She is the one always making
sacrifice.**

**Her life is nothing but,
another name of compromise.**

**All blow the trumpet of her rights
Which have always been
denied.**

**How I wish to wipe away
those tears that in her
bleed, those sorrows that
can only hold her back
from life.**

A Young Boy to His Grandfather

BY JORDAN DOWNEY

Oh grandpa!
Tell me all there is to know
Tell me about the trees and the grasses
The cats and the dogs
The fish and the birds
Tell me all that you can

Tell me about the sky
Why is it so blue?
And how do clouds float so high?
And why can't I?
What keeps the birds just above our heads,
And what lets the planes soar over the world far below?

Tell me about the waters
Why does the stream flow to the lake?
And what makes the waves crash upon the shore?
How does that duck float upon the surface,
While this rock sinks far below?

And tell me about the forests!
Why are the trees green?
And how are they so strong?
Why do the birds live amongst them,
While we stroll below?

Oh, tell me about the city!
With its buildings so tall

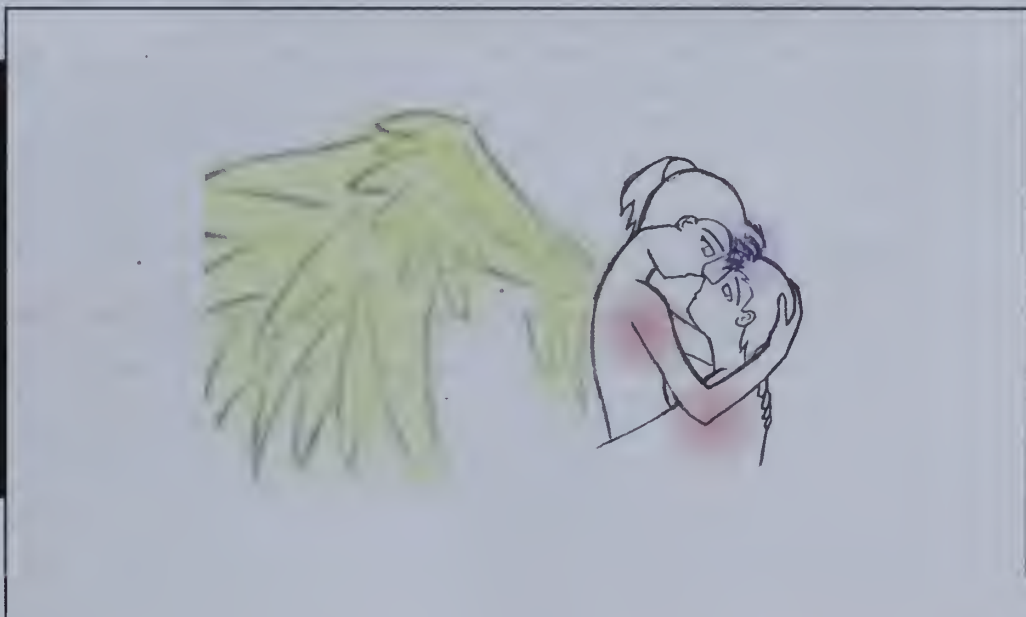
How do they get way up there to build them,
Or to clean their windows?
And what makes the car go wherever it wants,
While the train sticks to its tracks?

Tell me about the creatures
Which scurry amongst us
Why does the dog chase the cat?
And why does the squirrel gather nuts?
Why does the chipmunk hide when we approach?
Does he not know that I only want to play?

But Grandpa, please!
Please tell me about the people, inhabiting the globe
Where do they go to when the sun goes down?
And why do they walk along the street?
What makes them laugh and cry,
Talk and smile?
Why are they sometimes mean,
And not like each other
When other times they love,
and are beautiful together?
Oh, I must know about the people!
For they are the hardest to learn

So please, Grandpa, tell me
Tell me all there is to know

Terry Harjento



Bosti

BY SHOILEE KHAN

Heat hangs thick and heavy in the air. Wasps buzz, crickets scream, caterpillars squirm. I squat on the veranda and press my face against the hot metal bars, my eyes scanning the smoke-filled skyline of Dhaka, Bangladesh. A ghostly white day-time moon drifts across the sky, weaving in and out of thin trails of cloud. I stare down at the bog, bubbling green and livid below.

A small white car, a bright spot amidst the whirling dust of the streets, inches along a packed dirt road. Horns honk, drivers curse, engines steam. Mothers, thin shawls draped loosely over their heads, saris wrapped and tucked under their legs, squat by the edge of the bog smacking wet clothes against smooth stones. Naked children, caked in dirt, run up and down the banks of the bog.

Beyond the bog, peddlers selling their wares hobble along crumbling paths, backs hunched, piled with towering heaps of tin pots, bright sponge sandals, stiff-wheat brooms and other junk. An old wrinkled man, his skin burnt thick and leathery hauls a back load of day-old newspapers. His voice, high pitched, thin and wailing rings through the din of the city.

"Pooran Kagoj!"

I turn to my grandmother, who sits on her hemp knotted stool peeling clusters of garlic cloves.

"Why is he selling old newspapers Nani? Who wants old newspapers?" I ask in the native tongue, Bengali. A Canadian lilt laces my words.

"Some people like to read day-old papers." She shrugs, dropping curls of thin garlic skin to the cement veranda floor. My grandmother's Bengali is thick and sweet, a fluid flow of honey-like words.

"It's cheaper too. People who can't afford the daily paper, get the day-old one." I turn to see my older cousin Shuva, leaning against the doorframe. Her long, black hair hangs down her back in a thick braid. Her skin looks like milk chocolate—supple, shining, moist—from sweat. Plastic black-framed glasses rest at the end of her nose. A long white scar near her hairline—shards of broken glass scarred her in a car crash at the age of four—shines. Her long flowing shalwar kameez, a light lilac, ripples down her slender frame. I'm not wearing the long flowing tunic and loose pantaloons of my own shalwar kameez. I wear my favourite turquoise cotton slacks and an old white t-shirt emblazoned with a picture of a penguin holding a Pepsi.

"Me and your mom are going out. We're going to hand out all that stuff your mom brought from Canada. Do you want to come?" Shuva's Bengali has a smooth, soothing intonation. I grab the metal bars and look out over Dhaka City. Smoke spirals into the air from towering stacks.

A thick, putrid stench rolls over us in waves. I wrinkle my nose at the murky green bog.

"Sure, I'm coming." I speak in English this time.

I lug two cloth bags filled with my mother's old saris, my old dresses and pants, and my brother's old shirts and shoes down the cement steps of my grandma's apartment. Sweat beads and trickles down my back. Shuva, her braid swinging back and forth, hauls three bags behind her. My mother, her hands clutching the handles of plastic bags filled with notebooks, pencils, Barbies with mussed hair and little toy cars, waits at the bottom behind the locked gate. Her eyes shine.

"Where should we go? What place is best?" My mother asks. Her Bengali is quick and fluttery, a butterfly dipping in the wind.

"There's a bosti down the street. They could probably use this stuff." Shuva unlocks the gate and we grunt and hobble out of the cool darkness of the cement shed into the blazing heat of mid-day Bangladesh.

We walk down the wide dirt road, cement apartments and tin roofed houses flanking each side of our path. I side step deep pot holes filled with muddy water from yesterday's rain and scrunch my toes in the pretty, gold-beaded sandals I decided to wear. As we walk along, the houses get smaller, dirtier, then disappear altogether. We descend into the bosti. Bosti. The ghettos of Dhaka City. Tin roofs hang over crumbling clay walls. Door-less doorways open behind mucky mud-filled yards, broken pails and debris blown by the wind from up the road.

We come down the road. The stench of rotting fish, cow manure and human waste stings my nostrils. I pinch my nose. A pile of trash jumbled with jagged sheets of corrugated tin, rotting chunks of blackened vegetables, piles of bright white kernels of day-old rice, wet soggy cardboard boxes, rusted wheels and twisted metal, mud-caked, hole-filled shoes and bits of grimy rag towers over us. A small girl, her bare back crusted with layers of dirt, ragged shorts clinging to her waist tip-toes barefoot through the pile fishing out bits of plastic and tin. My mother shakes her head and fishes through her plastic bags. The little girl kneels and tugs at a plastic white jug. My mother tugs a pink, satin shalwar kameez from her bags and holds it out to the little girl. The girl stops, stands up, and stares.

I remember the kameez from Eid day when I was five. My mother had brushed my hair into two shining pig-tails and tied them with pink lace. I had sat near her collection of plants in our Mississauga home and my Dad had taken the picture. I smile. The satin shimmers in the sun.

"You can have it." Shuva says gently in Bengali. The little girl swallows hard and bites her lip. Clumps of tangled hair hang in her eyes. She shakes her head, taking a step back.

"She's shy," my Mother whispers.

"Take it, it's for you." My Mother presses the pink shalwar kameez into the little girl's hands. She stares at it, then at us, her mouth gaping. We step back onto the road, the little girl, pink kameez in hand staring after us.

I follow my mother and Shuva down the path, returning the curious stares of the hollow-cheeked people passing us. Two little girls, faces caked in dirt, hair clogged with grime sit atop a cement block bare feet dangling. Their brown eyes, sceptical, follow us. My mother and Shuva stop and assess their poverty.

"Assalamu Alaikum." My mother wishes them peace in Arabic in the traditional greeting from a Muslim to a Muslim. The girls stare back, unsure. Shuva turns to the grimmer of the two girls.

"What does your father do? Does he have a job?"

"He sells tin." Her Bengali is soft, drifting. Shuva turns to my mother who pulls out a cotton blue dress and holds it up against the little girl.

"I don't think it'll fit her. A bit small." My mother folds up the dress to search for something else in the bags but the girl leaps up, her bare feet sinking in the mud.

"I think it will fit me!" she cries, her eyes flashing in the sun. She bites her lip and steps back.

"It's too small." Shuva shakes her head. The girl glances from my mother to Shuva.

"Maybe it will fit." My mother slips the dress out again. "It really is the only thing we have for girls around her size. My mother hands the little girl the blue dress. The girl takes the folded blue cotton dress in her hands.

"What does your father do?" Shuva asks the companion.

"Drives a baby-taxi."

"He makes pretty good money then." Shuva says turning to my mother. "We have to save this stuff for the ones that desperately need it." We turn to leave.

"Aren't you going to give me anything?" The little girl's Bengali sounds jittery, agitated, halting. My mother rummages through the bags.

"Not enough little-girl clothes. You can have this doll though." My mother pulls out one of my old Barbies. I remember playing with it on the front stoop of my neighbour Sarah's house. It used to be my only Barbie. All Sarah's Barbie's had platinum blonde hair. Mine was the only one with brown hair and blonde streaks. Sarah's mom had said mine was a pretty Barbie.

"Can I give it to her?" I grasp the Barbie from my mother's hands and step towards the little girl. My foot sinks into thick, squishy, stinking mud. I yelp and pull my foot out. Mud cakes my foot and slick, slimy grime smudges my pretty blue sandals. The little girls stare at me. I hand her the doll and tip toe back to the road. The girls sit on the cement block staring after us, one holding a brown-haired Barbie, the other a folded cotton blue dress.

We continue down the path, handing pants, t-shirts and shoes to passing children. When we run out of children's clothing we hand them old dolls, little toy cars and pencils. They stare at us, then gape at their new treasures. They run in packs to spread the word.

We reach the bowels of the bosti. Huts thatched together with clay, sticks and

pieces of corrugated tin and board, nestle in lanes. A woman squats and washes a tin pot with coal. Slick black streaks cover shiny patches of tin. My mother smiles.

"Shuva! Look how shiny her pots are—she's washing them with coal!"

"I know, they look so clean." Shuva smiles.

The woman tugs her worn, flowered sari and scrubs harder. My mother hands me a blue and purple silk sari and I hold it out to the woman. She stares up at me, her brows furrowed.

"Take it." My mother calls. The woman puts down her pot and slowly takes the sari. Her eyes squint up at me. I skip back to my mother. Shuva turns, jumps over a gutter clogged with thick mud, scraps of plastic and trails of urine and sticks her head into a shack.

"There's someone here." Shuva turns to my mother who hands her a neatly folded white and purple sari. A middle-aged woman sticks her head out of the doorway. Her face gaunt, her eyes sunk, her skin pallid she stares at the sari in Shuva's hands.

"Do you want a sari?" Shuva asks.

"Do you have any other kinds?" The woman runs her wrinkled hand over the cotton sari. Shuva's eyes darken.

"Just take this one." She jumps back over the waste-choked gutter. Women in worn, cotton saris and vacant eyes step hesitantly towards us. My mother and Shuva hand them old saris. I find a gold and cream sequined snap purse and clasp it in my hands. I remember the purse. It was a present from an old lady when she came to dinner one night. I would play with it, pretending I had money and was going to a grand ball, like Cinderella. I didn't play with it anymore.

"Who would like a purse?" I ask, scanning the group. The women stare at the glinting sequins, silent.

"How about you? You're young, you should have it." My mother gestures towards a woman in her twenties with milky coffee coloured skin and dark eyes.

"I'd like it." She nods. I hand her the purse.

Our bags are empty. My mother clutches a few remaining pencils and we turn to head back home. My foot makes squishing sounds and I grimace watching the mud ooze between my toes. I swing the empty bags in the air.

"Hey! Do you have any more cars?" We turn to see a group of small boys gathered around one of the children we'd given a matchbox car to. Their eyes shine in the sun.

"I'm sorry, we don't have anymore." My mother, biting her lip, rummages through her bag. She finds more pencils. "Take these." She hands the boys the pencils. They look remorsefully at the boy with the car. We walk a little faster down the road, Shuva urging us along. We see a pink flame in the haze before us. We get closer and see the little girl dressed in her pink satin kameez and a crowd of bosti kids gather around her and they gape at us and ask if we have anything more to give them. We give them pencils and they mix into the crowd of kids that want toys and follow like a train behind us.

Their voices ring in the air. A mother, her sari ripped and worn, a naked child on her hip, and another one clinging to her sari hobbles towards us. Two other women follow, naked children in tow.

"Please, Apa, please, give me some clothes for my children. Please, I need some clothes for my children." Her eyes are wide, glassy, her voice desperate. Her Bengali is worn, tired, withering. My mother slowly shakes her head and swallows hard.

"I'm sorry, I don't have any more clothes—but—I have these pencils, take these pencils." My mother thrusts the last of her pencils into the young mother's hands. She shakes her hand and heaves a shaky breath hitching her child back onto her hip.

"What am I going to do with pencils? I need clothes, please, don't you see, my children are naked, running naked in the streets, I need clothes, please." The other women join.

"Please, Apa, give us clothes, please—"

"Please, give us clothes, we need clothes—"

The women step closer to us and their wails ring shrilly together and their children tug at their saris and more women gather around us and stretch out their arms and the little gangs of children cry for more toys, more clothes. We walk quickly up the road, Shuva tells us we have to find a different route home or they'll follow us all the way to my grandmother's apartment and then we'll be in real trouble. The women tug at their saris and their cries ring like the moans of mourners and they clamber after us. We cut across a construction site and hurry up the steps of a half built house. We shimmy along clean white planks.

We leap down and hurry along a cracked alleyway. We can still hear their wails. We run. We run up the road. We run past waste-choked gutters. We run past tin roofs and crumbling clay walls. We run past mucky yards and cement blocks with little girls, legs dangling. We run past heaps of trash with barefoot little girls kneeling. We run up the road and the houses grow and apartments with barred windows and locked gates shoot up on either side and keys have to be found and doors have to be opened and we duck inside the cool shade of the apartment's cement shed. We breathe.

"They won't find us, will they?" I ask.

I crouch on the veranda and clasp the cool metal bars. I stare out into the night sky and breathe deeply. Thousands upon thousands of tiny diamond flecks wink and glitter from an endless reach of sky. The night-time moon, big and yellow stares back at me. My grandmother sighs.

"That moon, we see that moon here in Bangladesh, and you, you see that same moon in Canada. It's the same moon, and we both see it from different sides of the world." I look down at the green bog, dark and mysterious in the night. A putrid, sour stench rolls over the veranda. I look at the moon and wonder about what it must look like from Canada.

I. THE THEATRE

BY NERRAD EVORGLENS

Bill, stepping nearer to me, at his mark, says "There is a time for all good things." I sit on the artificial stone with red dye squirted all over my face and robes with my head in my hands.

"You know my terms?" I cry, spitting red dye through my fingers.

Bill, opening his arms questioningly

"I'll know them when you tell me them."

"Then banish me," I scream with my red dyed hands open in supplication to him. That always echos through the whole fucking place and gives me the shivers. The kids jump too, then they usually stand nearer to each other.

Bill says, turning to the audience, partially dismissing me "You ask what's God's to give," as he inspects his fingernails.

I ask, even more distraught than before, but with a slight hopefulness in mind "God's enemy?"

Bill says ponderously, but not kindly

"A swifter answer then."

I drop off the stone and kneel while the red dye drips from my face and hands to the stage.

"Ah! Do you mean it?" I say, attempting to crawl to him but collapsing on the wood, hard, akimbo. The children try to help me up, but I make it difficult for them.

Bill says, turning over his hand and looking at his nails from the

other side

"What I do not mean, I do not say."

Grabbing the children and holding them as close as possible I whisper

"Then lead me off."

Bill, who is a big guy, picks me up as roughly as he can by my robes, then pushes me backwards, saying "Come! Let go of your children. Come!" and he motions with his head mockingly, to follow.

With my hand above me for protection because Bill looks like he's going to attack me, I say "No, no, never! Don't take them from me," then he kicks my feet away.

Bill motions for Derek and Tom (monsters at the gym, both of them) to get the children, so they empty two of the sacks of grain onstage and grab the children who are screaming, then stuff them into these empty sacks. The children scream really well.

Bill says "Silence!" or "Shut them up!" a couple times to make it seem real.

The kicker is, Derek and Tom walk behind a screen that looks like a stone wall and pick up different sacks full of specially arranged dowels, pillows and gourds then step out from behind the wall. The kids are still screaming. Bill says "shut them up" so they swing the bags over their head and smash them down onto the wooden stage with great force.

The screaming stops. Everyone

gasps and is silent for a moment then they mutter. It's a magnificent effect. The stagehands behind there have been warned so many times to make sure Derek and Tom pick up the right bags.

I lay on the ground, uncomfortably I might add, then Bill walks over, placing a foot on each side of my cowering, shaking body on the floor and says "Stop being master now - the mastery you had in life has meant so little."

The lights hold for a brief moment then - off. The theatre is in darkness, with a single note being played on a keyboard. A spot light comes up on Terri, Liz and Catherine, who look so sexy in the robes and gilt. The single note continues.

Their voices, all on different notes, begin to speak. They had to learn how to speak in harmony and it took quite a while actually. Harmonizing and synchronized, they speak "Citizens of our ancestral Thebes, look on this Oedipus, the mighty and once masterful, elucidator of the riddle, envied on his pedestal of fame."

You saw him fall; you saw him swept away. So, being mortal, look on that last day and count a man not blessed in his life until he's crossed life's bounds unstruck by ruin still."

The music builds from the single note. It swells; building, building, then collapses on itself and the lights go down and the curtain closes. It's a really nice score. Bryan picked out.

The Nocturnal Air

BY SHAZIA KHAN

After the skyscraper's long shadow

Is blanketed by the sky,

After the briefcase is neatly stored in the closet,

After the fizz of the 11 o'clock news,

And the bustle of metal racers on hard cement,

The mechanical monster closes his eyes,

And our song begins.

We awake from the cracks and the crevices.

From the corners of windows too.

We flutter our wings and fly to the top of the city,

Singing the treasured chorus:

"Born is Night, born are we!"

A gleeful flight, we collect at the centre

And light a star on the tallest lamppost

To ignite the carnival.

We sing our melody for the dazzling crescent

And for the surrounding twinkle-bulbs.

We blanket the city in brilliant sparkle

Dancing to the soft quietness.

We do our duty

To save the children from dreamless sleep,

All the while, tiptoeing around that giant creature of day.

As the vermilion bubble creeps over the horizon,

We see that the festivities must end.

But we are never glum;

We know that, like the Night, the carnival always returns.

We flurry back to the cracks and the crevices,

Back to the corners of windows,

And giggling over the secret of ourselves,

We rest our sleepy bodies.

The mechanical monster opens his eyes.

And then you awake.

Allan

BY GREG SHUPAK

Another one of those awful temp jobs. This one was at a warehouse that distributed clothes to various Canadian retail outlets. The task of boring, but not difficult work, would be somewhat sustainable because I was working with my two friends Wes and Luke. Before I even drove my parents' grey mini-van into the parking lot, we could smell the cardboard.

"I can't wait to get the hell outta here," Wes said as we entered the building. We walked into the cafeteria to await the beginning of our shift. The room had a sea of tables, each occupied by seven or eight grumpy looking adults. My friends and I looked for a place to sit.

One lady saw us, looked at a friend and rolled her eyes. An older looking man simply frowned as we walked past him.

At 3 o'clock, our supervisor led us into the centre of the building.

"I wish we were just walking a plank or towards the electric chair," Luke quipped. As it turned out, we were led into a wasteland of conveyor belts, forklifts and infinite rows of boxes.

"Okay Wes, Luke, you guys go over there to shipping and

ask for Tommy, he'll tell you what to do," declared Will, our supervisor.

"And Greg, you can follow me to receiving." It was nauseating to watch Wes and Luke share a chuckle and then disappear into the warehouse horizon.

Will led me to a spot at the conveyor belt. A man was vigorously working as though he would be rewarded for such diligence. He wore a faded blue sweat-shirt and jeans that were both unusually tight and rather short. The man had a receding hair line to accompany a large bald spot that he attempted to conceal with a swirl of hair.

He wore what looked like magnifying glasses over his eyes and appeared to be in his mid-thirties. Will introduced us by saying, "Greg, this..." I didn't hear the rest because I was consumed by his name tag. It read: Allan Wallerts. "Wallerts". Sounds like a pastry," I thought. I grudgingly shook his dusty, hairy, feeble hand. Will left Allan to train me.

"Do you have a brain in your head?" Allan asked.

"What?" I scowled. He repeated the question and I offered the same response.

"Because if you do, then you can do this job," he insisted.

Flabbergasted, I listened to his

instructions.

"Stack this here, put that there, blah, blah, blah," was how it sounded to me. Periodically, I looked at my watch, each time wondering if the batteries were dead and it had stopped ticking.

"The Catholic school system ruined my life!" Allan barked, entirely unprovoked.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"If not for the advice of those damn guidance counsellors, I wouldn't be here today. They told me 'take math, take science, you'll need it to be successful.' So I take the damn courses and what happens, I fail. Not to mention that bullshit that if you're a good Christian you'll be happy."

I continued to listen.

"Yup, the Catholic school board and my father, they got me where I am today. My father, screwed me up emotionally. He'd freak if I ever mentioned having a girl over when I was 19!"

"Did you date a lot then?" I enquired, somewhat mockingly.

"Hell no. But because of my father I wouldn't have been able to even if I could've had a date."

"Oh well, I bet you make up for that with the ladies now huh?" I suggested, ribbing him a little further.

"Yeah right. Dad still won't

let me have a girl over."

"You still live at home?"

"Yeah. Can't afford to leave. It's okay though, this is just temporary. I'm only here on a short-term contract. I'm gonna get outta here and make something of myself yet: I'm only 27."

I encouraged him to follow his dreams, realizing how hopeless they were. We continued to lift boxes, almost unconsciously.

"There was one girl though," he interjected.

"My last year of high school, she was in grade nine. Our lockers were side-by-side and we always exchanged smiles and sometimes, we'd even chat. So one day, when the prom was coming up, I asked her if she wanted to go with me. Her face got red, she said she'd think about it and then she skedaddled."

When I was walking home, sure enough, she was waiting at the end of my driveway... with her boyfriend and a bunch of his buddies."

"Then what happened?" I enquired.

"What do you think happened? They beat the shit out me!"

"What did you do about it?"

"Well, the next day, when I came home from school, there they were again. They were telling me that I had to fight

her this time. I wasn't gonna do it, but she got up in my face, started pushing me, so I clocked her. Man did she drop." He boasted.

"You hit a girl that was five years younger than you?"

"Hey, I never knew there was anything wrong with hitting a girl."

Nobody ever told me that. Anyhow, her boyfriend comes right up and breaks my damn jaw."

As time passed, Allan shared a variety of stories, mostly about how the world had screwed him. I offered my support to most of his rants.

"You're right, the Liberals have been in power for too long."

Yeah, the media is irresponsible. Of course, when a girl smiles at you, she definitely wants a date. You're right, the Ontario highway structure is a mess.

Yup, I hate cream cheese too," I encouraged. This was partly because I felt obliged to but mostly because I wanted to amuse myself.

Allan was certainly proving to be more entertaining than Wes or Luke. Suddenly, we felt a presence lingering behind us. It was Will. He took Allan aside. I eavesdropped.

"Allan I've got some good news for you: we're renewing your contract."

CHILLIN' WITH THE AIRHEADS

BY TANAZ BHATHENA

Zenobia Cooper pushed her glasses up the bridge of her rather hooked nose as she read the first few lines of a chapter in her thick History textbook. The point between her brows hurt slightly, the first sign of what would turn into a full-fledged headache without a Tylenol. She took a capsule, swallowed a mouthful of water and began to read again. Her friend Havovi would probably give an exasperated sigh if she saw her.

"When are you ever going to relax?" she would say. "You have forgotten the meaning of fun, Zenobia."

Zenobia smiled slightly at the thought. Havovi was a typical girly-girl whose idea of "fun" involved shopping, gossiping and more shopping. Havovi had once called her the Supreme Nerd Chieftain of St. Andrews' College. Zenobia snickered. If she was Nerd Chieftain, Havovi certainly was the Empress of Airheads.

Coming back to the present, Zenobia once again tried to concentrate on the causes of the French Revolution. Her headache had lessened, but her brain simply refused to function. After she had read the same sentence five times without understanding it, Zenobia slammed the book shut and decided to take a break.

Watching television did nothing to clear her mind so she grabbed a jacket and walked out of the house into the fresh air. Spring had emerged cool and crisp before melting away into the heat of summer

within the next month or two. She began walking briskly in the direction of a nearby park, enjoying the caress of the cool breeze on her feverish cheeks. As she turned around a corner, she noticed a distant figure walking in her direction. There was something familiar about the person, who she correctly guessed was a male. As the man drew nearer, her heartbeat sped up with the shock of recognition. It was Sohrab Elavia. The gorgeous Sohrab Elavia who didn't know she existed.

Her inability to communicate with Sohrab was one of the things Zenobia was deeply ashamed of. It would have helped if he was less appealing. But sadly that wasn't the case: tall, athletic and zit-free, Sohrab fit the very image of a fairy-tale prince. And he was extremely popular as well. Zenobia sighed inwardly with disgust. As if his good looks weren't intimidating enough already! Bracing herself for a possible friendly encounter, she looked up. Sohrab was crossing the street instead.

"She grabbed her jacket and walked out of the house into the fresh air"

Zenobia stared at his retreating figure and on an impulse began to follow him. A passing car screeched to a halt as she streaked across the road. The motorist swore loudly at her, but she ignored him. Sohrab hadn't noticed her yet, which was good. She noticed his dark head glance toward the furious driver for only a split

second before he entered The Millennium through its revolving doors. Zenobia hesitated for a few seconds before going in as well.

The Millennium was a large designer clothing store, one which Zenobia had sworn never to enter as it was mainly frequented by airheads and other fashion-plates who spent their paychecks the minute they got them. Zenobia's eyes locked with Sohrab's for a split second, but apparently he didn't recognize her. He paid as much attention to her as he would have to one of the stone pillars in the store before casually strolling over to a display of baggy jeans and denim jackets.

Zenobia's feet led her just as casually to the nearest display in women's clothing, wondering if she was in danger of becoming a stalker. She pretended to look at the tiny shirts, tanks, tube-tops — clothes she would never think of wearing. *What is wrong with these designers?* she thought, feeling slightly annoyed in spite of herself. *Do they think that every single person has an eating disorder?* Just then she heard a loud squeal behind her.

"Zenobia! I never thought I would see you in here!" It was Havovi. Zenobia felt her cheeks grow warm.

"Just looking," she said defensively.

"Excuse me, weren't you the one who said that stores like The Millennium promoted anorexia?" Havovi reminded her, raising an eyebrow.

Luckily before Zenobia could come up with an answer to that one, she heard a

male voice from behind.

"Hey, Havovi, what's up?" Sohrab said in a friendly voice.

"Sohraaab, hiiiiiii!" Havovi was in the danger of sounding like a hyperactive rabbit. Zenobia turned around to see Sohrab grinning at Havovi.

"Zenobia felt icicles form inside her body. Her smile was mechanical and cold"

"Buying something for the semi-formal?" he asked.

"Of course! I can't just go in any old thing!" Havovi replied, sounding shocked at the idea.

"That would be a catastrophe," Zenobia muttered more to herself than to anyone else.

"I know, eh? Havs just needs an excuse to shop," came Sohrab's voice.

She looked up and saw him grinning at her. Zenobia's face was pink, but she managed to smile back. Just then, Havovi seemed to come to her senses.

"Very funny," she said sarcastically. "By the way, Sohrab, this is Zenobia Cooper, a good friend of mine. Zenobia, this is Sohrab Elavia, hunk-extraordinaire and my date for the semi-formal."

Zenobia felt icicles form inside her body. Her smile was mechanical and cold. Her "Nice to meet you" felt stiff and forced. How could she have been so stupid? Havovi had been ranting about the semi-formal for weeks on end, about how she had a date with the best looking guy

on campus, how everyone would be so jealous when they saw her new dress.

Zenobia had never bothered to find out who had asked Havovi to the dance; she had never even imagined that Sohrab would ask such a *ditz*. Zenobia made up a lame excuse about going back to do her homework.

"Bye," said Havovi absently. Sohrab simply waved in her direction without taking his eyes off Havovi.

Zenobia's insides felt numb; it was as if something heavy and cold was weighing her down. She walked back home almost in a daze. A cold wind had chilled her ears. Her head was throbbing with pain.

Walking to her room, she removed a shimmering black dress from her closet. Folding the dress carefully, she looked into the recycling box in the corner of her room. The price-tag was lying on top. She placed it with the dress into a large shopping bag. She stared at it for a moment. Out of nowhere, something which Havovi had said came floating into her head.

"Buses and guys are one and the same. If you miss one, you can always catch another."

Zenobia smiled slightly. Her frivolous friend had revealed a rare glimpse of wisdom with that piece of advice. Sometimes the Empress of Airheads could outsmart even the Supreme Nerd Chieftain of St. Andrews. This was one of those times, Zenobia decided, as she threw the tag back into the recycling bin.

Thoughts After Midnight

BY NICA PEREZ

Imaginary pressures
Unnecessary stress
Suffocating conversations
Riddled thoughts
Confusing looks
Shy attempts at normalcy
All on your mind
All of the time
Until you go blank with insomnia
And stare at your four green walls

So tired you can't fall asleep
Until you drive your thoughts away

With smoke signals
With fresh winter air
With deadening black fog
With a pill you fear
That gets stuck in your throat
Until it bitterly dissolves
Into your nothingness
Of 1 am
Of 2 am
Of 3 am...

So empty
You fear
Anything might break you
If it touches your loneliness...

US IS WE AND YOU ARE ME

BY ANA SARAVOLAC

What if we were capable
Of manipulating all the factors affecting
our lives
That alter our visions of the past,
Distort our dire memories so they can't
last?
And all our attention was focused
On picture perfect images
Of mountains, lakes, and bridges.
Never dungeons or caves,
Or anything that would distort our gaze
Of idealism.

I'm just curious, you see,
Because I've been noticing
How everyone portrays their beliefs.
Each terrified as to how they will be
received,
Paralyzed by the fear,
The danger,
That is accompanied with a new
stranger.
Who may actually carry the potential
Of revealing,

All your dirty white lies
Of deception and sin,
Once your hypocrisies start to spread
themselves thin.
And if may very well be true,
A tell-all of any of us
Would be nothing less than cruel.
The exposure of
Our bitter testimonies,
Of how we're all strict phonies.
Caught up in the speed of time,
Always ready to reassign the crime,
Just to save ourselves.

But what if we just came to accept
That sharing every hush-hush we kept
Would only allow us to see
That always requesting
To just trade
Places with those who weren't afraid
Would be clearly
A switching
Of our own selves...
The ones that only chose to perform
At certain times
And in separate realms.

A Young Boy to His Grandfather

BY JORDAN DOWNEY

Oh grandpa!
Tell me all there is to know
Tell me about the trees and the
grasses
The cats and the dogs
The fish and the birds
Tell me all that you can

Tell me about the sky
Why is it so blue?
And how do clouds float so high?
And why can't I?
What keeps the birds just above
our heads,
And what lets the planes soar
over the world far below?

Tell me about the waters
Why does the stream flow to the
lake?
And what makes the waves
crash upon the shore?
How does that duck float upon
the surface,
While this rock sinks far below?

And tell me about the forests!
Why are the trees green?
And how are they so strong?
Why do the birds live amongst
them,
While we stroll below?

Oh, tell me about the city!
With its buildings so tall
How do they get way up there to
build them,
Or to clean their windows?
And what makes the car go
wherever it wants,
While the train sticks to its tracks?

Tell me about the creatures
Which scurry amongst us;
Why does the dog chase the cat?
And why does the squirrel gather
nuts?
Why does the chipmunk hide
when we approach?
Does he not know that I only
want to play?

But Grandpa, please!
Please tell me about the people,
inhabiting the globe;
Where do they go to when the sun
goes down?
And why do they walk along the

street?
What makes them laugh and cry,
Talk and smile?
Why are they sometimes mean
And don't like each other
When other times they love,
and are beautiful together?
Oh, I must know about the peo-
ple!

For they are the hardest to learn

So please, Grandpa, tell me
Tell me all there is to know

The Grandfather's Response

Oh my child,
You are beautiful, and I love you
so
For you have a special gift
Do not let that go

I cannot answer all your questions
For not even I know the answers
to all
And you will know more in your
lifetime
Than I ever will

But I do know this one thing:

You are a curious young child
You are not afraid to ask about
what you don't know
And that is a great virtue
So you must make it your life's
mission
To set about answering those
questions
So that you will be wise
And one day when your
Grandson asks
You will be able to answer his
inquiries

But please promise me just one
thing
You must never stop questioning
And never stop learning
And by heeding this advice
You will go far
And shall be wise
Then maybe, just maybe
You will know all that there is to
know

In the car

BY NERRAD EVORGLENS

So we're sitting in the car.
The radio is playing something from the
forties.
She has to go home. I have to go back to
work.
Her clothes are fluffy and thick. Winter is
coming.
We've been in this situation so many times.
Do I kiss her goodnight or let it pass?
We laugh at something.
I sink my fingers into her hair.
She moans about the muscles and the need
for massage.
It was offered days ago, but nothing hap-
pened.
She reclines in the seat.
"I can't go until he stops watching us."
So we sit and talk.
He goes away.
"It's okay. He just came out for a smoke or
something."
We look at my watch. It's time to go back.
With my hand on her face and my heart
inside her, she gathers her things to go.
I pull her face in to mine: "Kiss me," I ask
, demand.
She leans towards me.
Her lips are pursed, as for a friend.
I kiss her mouth.
Soft, warm, fleshy.
I kiss her cheek and her ear.
She speaks as I breathe the warmth of her
skin
"I'll see you soon?"
As my lips recede from her warm fragrance
, I utter:
"Yeah, soon."
She steps out of my car.
I wave.
She drives away.
So many years.
So many times.
Where is it going?

Nevertheless

By Monuelo Anamorio Rotor

In my deepest blue
And my darkest black,
I envision your eyes,
I long for your touch.

I miss you ever moment,
From daylight to down,
From second to hour,
I long for your embrace.

In my warm solitude
And highest of high,
I dream of the awakening,
The life you bring in me.

So please approach sweet love,
Descend down on me;
Dare to dream this life,
Return my reality.

FEATURES

Life's lessons come early

BY NERRAD EVORGLENS

I'm sitting at the computer with my window wide open and it feels great. I walked to classes today with only a shirt on. I hear laughter coming through the trees from another open window; perhaps it is the laughter of other people without coats. This is not the same as the laughter of sandy-footed people on a beach, but for all you coat-rejectin'-window-openers, these are good times.

There's a natural spring bubbling up from my backyard. Whitewater was flowing down the stairs leading to my townhouse. Kids were rafting down on inner tubes. I made the mistake of trying to navigate against the current, and the toes of my shoes created a wake like the prow of a pontoon boat. Nothing says spring like shoes full of water.

The kids were covered in mud. Their feet were spotless due to the constant flow of water, but their faces were filthy. I guess if you can't see it you don't know to wipe it off. There's some kind of lesson here. "You wash my face and I'll wash yours." It's almost profound.

I watched them while I emptied my shoes. One kid said to another, "You got mud on your head!" Mud-Boy scooped a handful of water and splashed his face. He stood there, doe-eyed, with rivers of mud cascading down his cheeks. Looking like a cross between Alice Cooper and your Goth girlfriend, after you told her you didn't like her Mohawk, he awaited a response. There was nothing but laughter.

Mud-boy pointed at his accuser "You got mud on the back of yours, and I think it's dog poop." That kid splashed handfuls of water on the back of his head, answering "Do not!"

Kids are funny, and by that I mean stupid. They don't know what they know. Basically, you learned all the important things in life by the time you were ten. Everything after that was just refinement.

Don't squeal on your friends.

Don't hurt other people.
Take care of them; they'll take care of you.

Time heals everything.
Having fun is important,
so enjoy it when it happens.

Don't lie.
Sometimes you have to do
things you don't want to do.
Money can buy things.

Love makes you happy.
You can't eat candy all the time.
If you want something, ask for it.

Everybody is different.
Your Mom and Dad love you
more than anyone else ever will.

Death is a mystery.
Live for today, plan for tomorrow:
That's all you have.

This isn't a list of all of life's rules, but it's a beginning and you can ask any ten-year old if it's true.

The laughter has subsided. The water has stopped roaring down my steps. The kids have gone to bed. The school year is ending. I think to myself: What have I learned since I was ten? My immediate response is "Nothing."

I think about it for a while longer and realize I've learned a lot. When you are a child you think that all ideas are equal. As you get older, you learn to prioritize things based on importance. A new comic book is not equal to a mother's love. Having money is not the same as being happy. No one knows where you go when you die so it's important to keep an open mind.

It's time for bed. I consider closing the window in case it gets cold, but decide against it. You never know how long the warm weather will last. Happiness is hard to come by and Peter Pan can't come to you if your window is closed.

It's just a thought I had when I was ten.

Student shares knowledge of trans fats

BY MARIE HOY

My younger brother sits across from me at the dining room table. I eat my croissant. He eats his Cheerios.

"What are trans fats?" he asks, gazing at the caption on his cereal box. "A healthy diet low in saturated and trans fats may reduce the risk of heart disease. Cheerios is low in saturated and trans fats."

I shrug my shoulders. "I'm not sure." I admit, and take a bite of my croissant.

I turn on the television later to see several commercials stating that the foods featured contain little or no trans fats. What are trans fats and why have I never heard of them before?

Researchers link the consumption of trans fat, also called "trans fatty acid", with diseases such as diabetes type two, heart disease, and obesity. Trans fats raise LDL, 'bad' cholesterol, and lower HDL, 'good' cholesterol.

What are fatty acids?

Fatty acids, needed by the body for growth, form chains of carbon. Hydrogen molecules attach to the carbon molecules. Saturated fats contain the maximum possible number of hydrogen molecules. In saturated fatty acids, hydrogen molecules attach to each side of the carbon atoms. Carbon atoms attach to each other in single bonds.

Unsaturated fatty acids lack a pair of hydrogen atoms at the center of the chain. Two carbon molecules have hydrogen molecules attached to one side, but not to the other. This gap in the chain forces the two carbon molecules to form a double bond. The unbalanced chain bends at this double bond. This bend prevents unsaturated fats from

solidifying like saturated fats do. A procedure called 'partial hydrogenation' corrects the bend in the chain, enabling unsaturated fatty acid to solidify. The unsaturated fatty acid then becomes a trans fatty acid.

What is Hydrogenation?

"Hydrogenate" means to add hydrogen. During Hydrogenation, hydrogen atoms are added to the liquid vegetable oil in the presence of a nickel catalyst, changing the chemistry of the oil (a catalyst changes the minimum energy required for a reaction to occur). One of the hydrogen molecules at the carbon double bond moves to the other side of the carbon molecule.

"The harmful effects of trans fat triggered... [an] order that all food labels state the trans fat content by January 1, 2006"

This balances the chain. The chain becomes straight. The unsaturated bonds can transform into a solid, spreadable fat, with a longer shelf life.

Which Foods Contain Trans Fats?

Meat and dairy products naturally contain small amounts of trans fats. Larger amounts of trans fatty acids are contained in margarine, hydrogenated vegetable oil and many processed foods containing hydrogenated vegetable oil such as baked and deep fried goods.

The harmful effects of trans fat, discovered recently, triggered the Food and Drug Administration to order that all food labels state the trans fat content by January 1, 2006.

"Our choices about our diets are choices about our health, and those choices should be based on the best

available scientific information. This label change means that trans fat can no longer lurk, hidden, in our food choices," said Mark B. McClellan, M.D., Ph.D., commissioner of FDA.

I reach across the table for my younger brother's Cheerio box. I pour myself a bowl.

Sources:

Ban Trans Fats: The Oreo Cookie Lawsuit Website. Retrieved March 17, 2004 from <http://www.bantransfats.com/>

Rago, Susan, RS, MS. (2004, March). Trans Fats. Discovery Health. Retrieved March 25, 2004 from <http://health.discovery.com/diseasesandcond/encyclopedia/1942.html>

The Fats of Life: Structurally Speaking. (n.d). Current Science and Technology Center. Retrieved March 22, 2004 from <http://www.mos.org/cst/article/5044/3.html>

The Stealth Fat. (n.d) Consumers Union of U.S., Inc. Retrieved March 20, 2004 from http://www.consumerreports.org/main/detailv2.jsp?CONTENT%3C%3Ecnt_id=300681&FOLDER%3C%3Efolder_id=162689

Trans fatty acids and coronary heart disease. (1999, November). President and Fellows of Harvard College. Retrieved March 17, 2004 from <http://www.hsph.harvard.edu/reviews/transfats.html>

Questions and Answers about Trans Fat Nutrition Labeling. (July, 2003). U.S Food and Drug Administration. Retrieved March 22, 2004 from <http://www.cfsan.fda.gov/~dms/qatrans2.html#s3q>



Erindale College

Student Union News and Notes

Clubs Pub Night

April 6th at 6pm at the Blind Duck Pub
All club members and executives are invited to attend.

Find out what club was voted best club for 2003-2004!!!!

Grad Formal

Will take place on June 11th at the Bellagio Banquet Hall Tickets will go on sale soon in the ECSU office.

On behalf of all those at ECSU, we would like to wish all students the best of luck on exams and a safe, fun summer.

LAST PUB

This Thursday April 8th

Doors open at 10pm

Tickets are \$5 pre-sale or \$8 at the door.

Tickets sell quickly so get yours today

You don't want to miss the biggest pub of the year!!!

Locker Combination and Lock Returns

All locks and combinations are due back in the ECSU office by May 31st. Must return both lock and combination to get \$5 deposit back.

A childhood memory of family loss

BY MARK GAYED

I hated broccoli, especially the stem. Watching boring cartoons and eating disgusting broccoli was another typical evening at Mary and Ben Wilson's apartment. I stayed at the Wilson's place in our apartment complex while I waited for my parents to come home from work. I sat on the leather couch and looked at my Power Rangers watch. I bit on my broccoli, watched Bugs Bunny escape from wild coyote and waited for mom. I wanted to show her my Power Rangers trading cards and tell her about my day. Earlier today I talked to Mrs. Harris, my grade two teacher, about my collection.

"My Power Rangers cards are the bestest. I have all the bad guys, but I like the good guys."

The door bell rang. I was ready to leave. I jumped off the couch, threw on my muddy shoes and waited for Mary Wilson to open the door. I felt my pocket for the cards. Mary Wilson looked into the peephole and opened the door. Mom smiled and hugged me.

"Mommy, mommy, I traded my T-Rex for Wolf! I hate the evil T, but now I have Wolf! All I need is Jason, Billy, Zack, Trini, Kim, Rocky...Adam...and Ahia."

Mom smiled and held my hand. She hugged me very loosely. Her eyes were red and moist. Mom walked very slowly with her back hunched over. She didn't say a word.

Mom and I entered the elevator. I pressed eleven and felt my back pocket

for my cards. We stood in silence as the elevator door opened.

As we entered our home, I went to my room and locked the door. I wanted to show her my cards, but something was wrong with mom. I flopped on my bed and looked at my favorite Power Ranger card - Wolf.

I heard the door squeak as dad came in. I opened my bedroom door and saw mom hug dad. Then she gave him a letter - already opened.

They went to the sofa. I could no longer see them. I heard whispers. After a moment of silence, dad cried. I heard more whispers. I felt scared and closed the door and flopped on my bed. I held my Power Rangers trading cards while staring at the poster that grandma gave me for Christmas last year. Dad called me to the living room.

"Mark, could you come in here? We need to talk."

I sat beside him on the gray sofa. Mom was next to dad, gently holding his hand. The expression on dad's face confused me. He gazed through me with his tears gently sloping down his cheeks. As he began to speak, his hands trembled.

"Do you remember your cousin Samuel, in Egypt?"

"Ya...why, dad?"

"Well, he's in heaven. He's with the angels."

"That's the bestest! Can I see the angels too?"

"No...Samuel's not with us anymore."

"Not with us? He's in Egypt dad. We see Samuel every year when we visit.

We're going this summer, aren't we dad?"

Samuel and I were best friends. He always gave me chocolate ice cream with gummy worms every time I visited. He would wait for me at the airport holding a sign that says my name, as if he doesn't know me. He did that every year I visited and every year I laughed and hugged him and kissed him and he kissed me on both cheeks.

Dad covered his face and hid his tears. Mom got up from the couch and cried in the kitchen. I could still hear her. Dad reached for Kleenex and took off his glasses to wipe his eyes. He blew his nose and held me tightly in his arms. He continued to speak with a shaky voice.

"He's in heaven. He went swimming without his lifejacket and drowned."

Dad reached for more Kleenex as mom cried in the kitchen. I sat in dad's arms as he wiped his tears. I sat in dad's arms and thought about my cards.

Mom finally came to the living room and the three of us sat on the gray couch in silence, except for the sounds of crying from my parents.

Mom and dad prayed, "In the name of the father...the son...and the Holy Spirit" and I thought about my Power Rangers trading cards and how I had Wolf and Samuel wouldn't get to see my cards and I wouldn't get to see him waiting for me in the airport holding chocolate ice cream and gummy worms and a sign that says my name. I cried.

In Loving Memory of Samuel

Night terrors haunt kids

BY DIANA HARASIMOWICZ

Sleep comes in four stages, 1 being the lightest and 4 being the deepest state of sleep. Dreaming occurs in stage 2. It is also known as Rapid Eye Movement (REM) sleep. Night Terrors is a sleep disorder in which the sleep is caught between the transition between the deep stages of sleep (3 and 4 of Non Rapid Eye Movement). This state of 'limbo' causes the body to convulse, leading the victim into a nightmare filled with frightening images and intense anxiety. Some victims can recall slight, vague images immediately after an attack. Documented memories revolve around three common themes - spiders, being chased and being choked - but the victim doesn't have a real context or strong recollection of what exactly terrified him/her after an episode.

During an episode, victims' eyes can be open, appearing fully conscious. They also often have a frightened expression and demeanor. Victims can sleep-walk or run, and may scream and swat at the air or even unintentionally hurt others around them. James Borden, now 30-years-old, has experienced night terrors since he was four. Each night, the terrors grew worse. He recalls an incident when he tried to strangle his sister in her bed.

"I imagined she was a savage dog," he said. "Fortunately my parents heard her screaming and stopped me. They made the mistake of grabbing me roughly and, although I was only about 12 years old, I managed to hurt my mother rather badly."

Victim reactions vary between two extremes, referred to as 'fight or flight.' When threatened, a person's instinct kicks in to make certain that they do whatever they can to stay alive; this holds true for the perceived threat in night terrors as well. Victims either desperately struggle to save themselves by trying to eliminate their threat or run from it, hoping to escape whatever that's scaring them and return to safety. The intense impression of fear tends to linger for about a minute or so after an episode. Victims experience a

unique form of amnesia: by morning, they forget the entire incident.

Night terrors tend to affect children between the ages of 3-12 more than any other age group. Why is this? *The Parent Report* states, "Sleep researchers have discovered that children dream far more than adults... Studies indicate that a child under a year dreams for about five and a half hours a night, while a twenty-year-old adult will dream for only one and a half hours." This increased dreamtime makes children more susceptible to nightmares.

Dr. Alan Greene confirms that children "actually dream more than the college students in the original studies (Science, 1966; 152:604). This study has been repeated several times, confirming and expanding our knowledge. We dream more in the first 2 weeks of life than at any other time. The visual part of the brain is more active during newborn Rapid Eye Movement sleep than during adult sleep. They seem to have more vivid visual dreams."

These vivid dreams lead to a stronger connection between the physical and the dream worlds, which could lead to a more intense reaction when caught and struggling between sleep stages. It is also possible that, since children have longer dream cycles, the more intense the opportunity and susceptibility for a child to adopt a night terror. This would be especially true if their family has a history of sleep disorders affecting sleep stages 3 and 4. Although night terrors are common, not enough studies support or explore this phenomenon.

Sources:

Unknown title retrieved March 24, 2004, from http://dreamemporium.com/night_terrors.html

Allen, Tim and Dr. Greene, Parenting Health Center, *Dreams, Nightmares and Terrors*, Retrieved March 25, 2004, from <http://health.yahoo.com/centers/parenting/00013985.html>

Borden, James, Night Terror Resource Center, Retrieved March 25, 2004, from <http://www.nightterrors.org/readers/Borden30.html>

A big thank you to all writers!

Have a great summer!

I apologize to everyone whose work was not published. It was mainly for lack of space. Please keep writing!

2004
2005

PARKING PERMITS

TO AVOID LONG DELAYS IN SEPTEMBER YOU MUST ARRANGE FOR AND PICK UP YOUR PERMIT BEFORE CLASSES BEGIN.

Permits go on sale July 5, 2004

All available permits may be purchased from the online application web page <https://parking.utm.utoronto.ca> or in person at the Parking Office.

Payment Options

- Online applications require online payment by Visa or MasterCard
- In person applications may be paid via; Cash, Cheque*, Visa, MasterCard or Interac.
- *Cheques returned by the bank are subject to a \$75.00 service fee.

Online permit applications

- Applicants will be required to have an active UTM email account in order to log on to the application.
- Permits may be picked up two business days after placing order, they will NOT be mailed.
- Express pickup counter will be available.

Permit Prices

- General Unreserved All Day \$462.44
- General Unreserved Afternoon \$345.75 (Permit valid only after 3:30pm)
- Reserved Lots 1 & 5 \$633.75
- CCIT Underground Garage \$823.00
- Resident Lots 4B, 5 & 7 \$551.00



Have you thought about Car Pooling? Check out the web page.

PLEASE CHECK THE UTM PARKING WEB PAGE OFTEN FOR UPDATED INFORMATION
WWW.UTM.UTORONTO.CA/PARKING

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AT MISSISSAUGA
ROOM 3093E SOUTH BUILDING
905.828.5254 OR 905.828.3933

P O E T R Y

BY NIKOLAI
KARACYZOV

COME AGAIN

We wonder when he'll come again to save
The rich and poor from loveless lives of pain
And strip us bare so hatred we can brave,
To free our hearts to flutter without stain.
He'll smile an infant's joy at his darkest fate
We'll thank him for his great supposed gift:
Forgiven wrongs we thought to mend were late,
And into bliss his death will all us lift;
But in our selfish hearts we will ignore
This lonely boy who does not want to die;
This task he never wanted is a chore,
His true wish crushed with every angel's cry.
On Earth he'll fail to find a perfect love,
But he'll forgive us still and rise above.

Same Difference

By Lauren Cummings

I stayed up late solving differential equations.
I learned different types, to differentiate between them.
I am now a different person.
I am now an indifferent person.
I look for difference in deference, I defer to difference.

I can't tell the difference between difference and deference;
I might beg to defer when I should beg to differ.
I now get confused over different detergents;
I defer to the brand that I deem is most different.
Differential equations are a deterrent to logic;
My problem is different, most anthropologic.

To Rosemourne:

by Anonymous

With the dawning of spring joy is conceived.
New blossoms in those swelling hearts, that winter's frost kept dormant, now shyly show'd
Their warming gaze, awe!
I feel my heart stop
To me, you are my Rosemourne, and that when wino rises you make soft melodies: -
Your songy voys that ye so small our twyne
Makych my choght in joy and blys habourne.

SPORTS

All heart from Eagles

BY TROY MAYERS

"I already gave my best. I have no regrets at all"

- William "Hong Kong Ricky Martin"
Hung, wannabe American Idol.

This simple phrase sums up exactly each player for the UTM Lady Eagles of their performance Friday night at the interfaculty ice hockey championship against UTSC. This was UTM's third journey to the finals in the last four years. There was an excited atmosphere that evening all throughout the building. The play

As the time wound down two things became clear; the bounces were not going UTM's way and the Scarborough women were determined not to let UTM gain a foothold. Nonetheless, the Lady Eagles represented themselves and their campus extremely well and battled to the bitter end but were defeated 2-0.

What is in store for next year's team? With the talent that may return and the addition of some new blood, the tradition of excellent, aggressive play will continue. Congratulations to the team and Coach Jan Maw for a thrilling season.



photo/Louise Vanderwees

on the ice was as equally energized as the spectators in the stands. There was even local television coverage from City TV to add to the big game feel.

It was the kind of game that a hockey fan would appreciate. Both teams (UTM and UTSC) tried to establish their dominance early, battling back and forth. There were good solid defensive plays, abundant offensive chances and superb goaltending efforts, especially by UTM goalie and team MVP Tiffany Low Foon. Most of the first period had passed when, as is frequently the case, the hockey gods threw a curve, or in this case a crazy puck bounced off the corner boards right to the front of the Erindale net. Then, in a flash, UTM was back in the all too familiar spot of trailing their Eastern sisters as an opportunistic UTSC forward swooped in and capitalized. Things stayed the same for the rest of the opening period. The second period played out to the same tune as the first. Both the defensive pairings of UTM rookies Candice Connolly and Meagan Alevan and Eagles' veterans Chris Mayers and Carrie Rai demonstrated solid play. The audience also saw great offensive chances like Gina Rajack's burst down the left wing midway through the period. Unfortunately, UTM fans would only see her shot skim just past the top corner. Offensive catalysts, Cheryl Penfold and Amy Coates, saw their flurries either end in the opposing goaltenders' equipment or ricocheted off of one of the many UTSC players that smothered them all game. The other Erindale forwards were no slouches either; with wingers Jenn Chapman and Sophia Yilmaz grinding in the corners and creating havoc in front of the UTSC net. The period carried on, then as suddenly as the first score, Scarborough got a break as a result of a fallen UTM skater.

Eagles cap off perfect season

BY ROHIT SETHI

If you missed the finals of men's division one basketball, you missed a great show. All that can be said about this division one team is UNDEFEATED. The Eagles have now won their third straight championship and have looked flawless doing it. This is possibly the best team that UTM has had in a long time. The Eagles are loaded with great offensive players like Sacha Francisco, Don Lee Pow, Dwayne Grant Alan Carty and Bruno Pellegrino; to ball handlers like Eric Liao and Arash Moghani; 3-point shooters such as Anand Patel, Matt Centofante, and Neil Sehra. And who could compete with the inside presence of Tom McCulloch. This team has perfected every position on the court. It is apparent by this season that the level of talent at UTM is far above any of the other colleges.

As for the finals, the Eagles had a slow start as every shot went in and out of the rim. It started to appear as though someone had placed a glass lid over the UTM basket. From lay-ups to jumpers and 3-pointers, nothing seemed to want to go down. This frustrating display continued for about 10 minutes, but out-

standing defense by Sacha Francisco, Don Lee Pow, Bruno Pellegrino, Anand Patel and Dwayne Grant (the whole starting line) kept the team in the game. It was only a matter of time before the offence on the Eagles kicked in. When it did, the Eagles went on quite a run finishing the first quarter with a score of 41-28.

The shooting struggles continued in the second half until a few passes into the post to Bruno Pellegrino and Tom McCulloch who combined for 21 points. Don Lee Pow was unstoppable

as he continually flew past his defender and got his teammates open looks at the basket. Don finished with 19 points on the night. The excitement came at about the eight minute mark when Anand Patel and Sacha Francisco connected for a backboard pounding, backdoor alley-oop, which sparked the crowd to chant "Good-Bye".

Sacha Francisco finished with 10 points and Dwayne Grant finished with 19 points. The Final score was 83-61.

An outstanding effort and team play by the whole squad throughout the season led to this undefeated season. The team has three players graduating and a few others going on to bigger and better things. Nevertheless there is a core of returning players that will still constitute one of the top teams in the league next year.



photo/Darryl Sequeira

Looking ahead from an outgoing sports editor...

BY DARRYL SEQUEIRA

It feels just like yesterday when I was asked to take on the role of sports editor for The Medium. I've been blessed to meet so many faces and experience athletics at UTM from a different perspective. Thank you to all who have helped me to grow on this journey.

I've been fortunate to have some dedicated writers. Your support has been tremendous and I thank you for your contributions. It started with Jon Lee and Steve Manchur and has continued to my peeps: Walker, JJ Jackson, PPPellegrino, CPenfold, MCarrier, CAlexander, JSwish, JMaw, LSones, SReidel, ELiao, and RSethi. To all those who took pics

for me (including you PB—which I may remind you was your job!) I am grateful for your time and energy. I think this year has been a diverse section and once again showcased new sports. The goal is to always build upon past successes and better previous years.

Farewell continued on page 19

CONGRATS

The staff and students in the University of Toronto at Mississauga Residence community would like to thank and congratulate the following residents for their outstanding contributions to the quality of student life in residence for 2003-2004!

RESIDENCE COUNCIL
2003/2004

Paris Antoniou	Meghan Rees
Hanna Beloplsky	Nicole Rowney
Christine Buske	Andrew Stewart
Angelique de Montbrun	Tiffany Stewart
Mary-Margaret Fincher	Dominic Lee
Naomi Jansen	Andrew McLeod

RESIDENCE COUNCIL
2004/2005

Mary-Margaret Fincher	Angela Treglia
Angelique de Montbrun	Ashley Woodward
Andrew Stewart	Dinesh Ramachandran

MAINTENANCE &
FRONT DESK STAFF

Sheena Vermeersch	Brian Teh
Bill Maloney	Kelly Kwan
Jackie Davis	Amyna Mamdani
Marisa Colak	Jennifer Bennett
Andrea Palfox	Greg Bunker
Maggie Fong	Felix Ng
Qian Cheng	Maryam Mushtaq
Genevieve Thompson	

AND CONGRATULATIONS TO
THE NEWLY SELECTED
RESIDENCE DONS FOR
2004-2005

Even Ardiel
Paulina Berger
Kenny Chan
Joel Eccles
Nina Honawar
Armita Lak
Steven Liddell
Pacinte Mattar
Thomas McCulloch
Laura Miyata
Timothy Morrish
Zun Lei Phyu
Meghan Rees
Matthew Reid
Tyler Reitsma
Alta Scott
Ivan Service
Wioletta Sikora
Zachary Smadu
Alicia Smith
Marguerite Sookoor
Tiffany Stewart
Emily Upper
Dayuma Vargas
Sheena Vermeersch
Nic Westrate
Sophia Yilmaz

ACADEMIC PROGRAMMERS

Laura Campeau
Cayly Dixon

RESIDENCE DONS

Kate Campbell	Jeff Plastow
Kenny Chan	Dinesh Ramachandran
Cayly Dixon	Matthew Reid
Cameron Greig	Jenny Salisbury
Rachael Gerry	Alta Scott
Kristen Grieco	Wioletta Sikora
Allan Estabillio	Zachary Smadu
Dave Hamilton	Marguerite Sookoor
Nina Honawar	Adam Stewart
Michael Hosein	Dayuma Vargas
Ananda Korchynski	Josh Vokey
Armita Lak	James Walker
Chelsey Long	Nic Westrate
Laura Miyata	

FAMILY & GRADUATE
COMMUNITY ASSISTANTS

Bilkis Rodolfo Maida Sir Natasha Sigalov

RESIDENCE TOUR GUIDE

Demetra Dimokopoulos	Stephanie Migchelsen
Claire Ka-Ki Fong	Joyce Tanjuakio
Leanne Koch	Stephanie Van de Ven
Carol Mechedjian	Renee Willmon

"TO LIVE, TO LOVE, TO LEARN, TO LEAVE A LEGACY"
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AT MISSISSAUGA RESIDENCES

Hunters capture finals

BY CHERYL PENFOLD

The women's ball hockey came to a great end last week with an exciting championship match between reigning champs the Bond Girls and their rivals the Bond Hunters. At full force with their complete lineups in tact, both teams were determined to bring home the cup. The Bond Hunters jumped out first as Keira Madden slid the ball over to her defense partner Candace Connolly, who rifled a shot from half and passed a screened Nazia Khan. However the Bond Girls battled right back to even the score. Cheryl Penfold fired a shot on Megan Alevan and Natalie Ng was waiting on the doorstep to bank in the rebound.

The intense finale featured exceptional goaltending by both the Hunters' Alevan and Bond Girls' Khan who fended off numerous shots by both tribes. Heading into the second half the

game was even at 1 a piece, but the Bond Hunters' would soon change that. With the Hunters' Jessica Frutti battling in the corner, she was able to put a crisp pass onto her captain Claire Pinsonnault's stick, who roofed it top shelf on Khan to take the lead 2-1.

Despite the close offensive chances by the Bond Girls, they were unable to slip another one past the consistently dazzling goaltending by Alevan. Also with the dynamic defensive duo of Connolly and Madden, the Bond Girls' frustrations only increased as the duo shut them down numerous times with their great defensive skills. In the end the Bond Hunters successfully defeated their rivals and were able to dethrone the four time champions. Great season, ladies and thanks for your participation!!!

Player of the Week:
Candace Connolly



photo/Cheryl Penfold

Will the real "bond" please stand up! The Bond Hunters stand proudly with their championship after knocking off the Bond Girls 2-1 in women's ball hockey action.

Eagles hope to bounce back

BY M. VUKIC

The UTM Men's Waterpolo team has finished their 2004 season. The last game was played against the stacked St. Mike's team that are definite medal contenders.

The UTM squad managed to score two goals but unfortunately it was not enough for a win. But not to despair with a lot of new talented players like Maria-Elena Bernal, Matt Robitaille, Katheleen Robertson and Jeff Willims the team is poised to have some great seasons ahead of them. The MVP and the best offensive player on the UTM team is the third year veteran Kyle Maggee. The defen-

sive honors go to goalie Michael Marit and hole defender Brett Preston that were key to the wins this season.

Other veteran players such as Tanja Kosovski, Yang Wei Dai and Marija Vukic, provided the team with stability, experience and leadership. Overall, it was a rough season for the past champi-

ons but it was a learning experience and the team next year is bound to be successful.



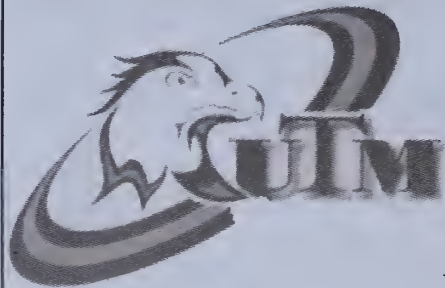
photo/Darryl Sequeira

UTM honors its top athletes at banquet



photos/Darryl Sequeira

UTM dished out the hardware at their 37th annual athletic banquet. Recipients of the Gold Award of Excellence (pictured left) are all smiles: Cheryl Penfold, Jeremy Jackson, Mel Lui, and Bruno Pellegrino. Jack Krist (left) and Louise Vanderwees present Pellegrino and Lui with the J. Tuzo Wilson and James J. Rae trophies respectively to the male and female athletes of the year.



University of Toronto at Mississauga

Centre for Physical Education, Athletics and Recreation

905-828-3714 www.utm.utoronto.ca/physed email: ath@utm.utoronto.ca

UTM Banquet 2004 Banquet – April 2, 2004 Major Award Winners



James J. Rae Trophy- Athlete of the Year:
Melissa Lui

J. Tuzo Wilson Trophy- Athlete of the Year:
Bruno Pellegrino

Gold Award of Excellence
Bruno Pellegrino Melissa Lui
Jeremy Jackson Cheryl Penfold

Alice H. Pearson Male and Female Intramural Athletes of the Year
Male: Sacha Francisco Female: Cheryl Penfold

Coaches of the Year
Jon Brown Miguel Co

Cynthia E. Haddow Memorial Award
Cheryl Penfold

Referees of the Year Award
Francesco Coscarelli Gina Rajack
Mathew Arduini Thomas Krebs
Chris De Angelis

UTM Fair Play Award Male and Female
Male: Jeff Ham Female: Robyn Thomas

UTM Student Leadership Award
Jeremy Jackson Bruno Pellegrino
Melissa Lui Sonia Chawla



UTM women's indoor soccer reaches finals



photo/Darryl Sequeira

continued from page 17

Without a doubt, this year has been an accomplishment. I would be remiss not to thank Andrea Civichino for her efforts to help me get UTM athletics "out of the basement" and Adrian Barek for sharing his front page with our determined athletes. Congrats to those who came out to participate and enabled UTM to field div. 2 teams! It's a great achievement. Congrats to the Putz for his Mr. Tuzo award. JJJ, you also had a great tenure here and should be acknowledged for your efforts in sports which you learned on the fly. To Steve and Kieran—thanks for your help on such short notice. You guys have been an asset to the program downtown and they have two gems working for students while advancing athletics through all of U of T. Last but not least, congratulations to "Big Auntie". Oct. 4 is a great day to welcome your bundle of joy into this world!

As positive as my experience has been here, there are so many little things that can be changed here to help current and future students. I love how our environmentalists on campus pick and choose their battles. Has it ever occurred to them the number of times that they have left the lights on in the hallways where their offices are located (in the Student Centre)? Or how about the times that the doors have been propped open for someone to have a smoke break or get back into the building after a 10-15 minute walk? Anyone know how much it costs to heat a building of this size? My advice is to start with your sphere of influence and then move outward.

Student groups also need to learn to work together instead of creating splits. Working towards a common goal should be your focus—not implying someone is a racist. It's also disgusting to learn someone steals 4,000 copies of your hard work to conceal their shortcomings. Grow up and be accountable for your actions (or lack thereof). Start spending students' money for what you were hired for. Don't abuse your privileges.

Anyone ever had a craving for a hearty breakfast on campus? Why is it so hard for one of our food establishments to offer an alternative to Tim Horton's? Is it that difficult to pour pancake batter onto a frying pan as opposed to also offering muffins? Students that get to school early to study and who consume their breakfast at UTM might actually spend money for a reasonably priced breakfast plate. Anyone remember the good 'ol days of Harvey's in the Greenery? With the library open later, how about keeping one of the eateries open a little bit longer? How about strictly serving just coffee, tea or juice after a certain hour?

To the international students on campus—I feel your pain! I only wish campus jobs would give you more priority when hiring because of your limited access to employment while you study here. Fresh ideas from people who bring new experiences from different lands can benefit and enhance student life on campus. After all, different cultures interacting together give people the chance to better themselves and break down long-standing barriers.

Be proactive during your stay at UTM. As the moral states: "you only get out of something what you put into it".

Health tips for a better lifestyle

BY JAMES WALKER

If you are like most people, you might find yourself making poor food choices and slipping out of your exercise routine as exams approach. As the pressure increases, procrastination, eating, sleeping, and studying start to take up all of your time. The days merge into a single endless stream of consciousness. Many of us will survive for weeks on caffeine and junk food while we torture our brains into doing what we want. Being a student as well as a trainer, I understand the difficulty of maintaining an ideal lifestyle during crunch time. I usually hide in my room, forget to eat, and don't venture outside until all my assignments and tests are finished.

When your schedule begins to break down, your regular physical activity and healthy diet are among the first victims. This fact, combined with the unusually high level of stress, can make you sick, depressed, lethargic, and reduce your ability to perform effectively on your academic endeavours. Ideally, you would have studied and completed your assignments well in advance so that you could maintain your good lifestyle despite the numerous tests and due dates. This ideal is the exception rather than the rule. Fortunately, there are a number of things you can do to avert disaster during the next couple of weeks.

Food

Most people tend to snack, meaning that you should look for something fast, easy, and relatively healthy. Here are a couple of ideas:

- Granola bars. Not the chocolate coated, chocolate chip filled chocolate bar lookalike granola bars, but the real thing.
- Fruit: bananas, apples, oranges, grapes, pineapple, peaches, pears, plums, anything!
- Cheese: cheddar, havarti, etc.
- Eggs: scrambled, fried, omelettes, etc.
- Bagels. Good toasted, with peanut butter, or with cream cheese.
- Crackers. A number of healthy, tasty brands can be found at the grocery store.
- Vegetables: carrots, tomatoes, potatoes, celery, or anything that is fast and easy.
- Juice boxes. These are a lifesaver. Make sure to get real juice, not "fruit drinks".
- Water. Stay hydrated. Always keep a glass of water beside you while you're studying.

Use your common sense when shopping. Realize that you will not be inclined to prepare large meals, and will eat whatever is most convenient. Pick up things that are not highly processed or loaded in sugar. You will feel better physically because your body is getting what it needs, and you will feel better psychologically because you are not bingeing or neglecting your health!

Activity

If you can make it out to the gym or go out for a run, great! But it is more important just to stay active. You may have had the experience of losing all feeling in your legs after studying for 6 hours without moving. This is the type of thing you want to avoid! Believe it or not, you will be more focused if you take breaks while studying. If you

spend an hour working, take 5 or 10 minutes to get up out of your chair, walk around the house (or around the block), stretch a bit, have a snack and something to drink, then go back to studying. This will give your mind a break, and keep blood circulating through your body! I guarantee that you will feel better, process information more effectively, have more focus, and be able to study longer and harder than if you had not taken the break.

Make sure that you are taking a break to do something physically active rather than taking a break to watch a sitcom; TV tends to turn off your brain, whereas walking or some other type of physical activity will help stimulate and relax it.

When it comes to exam time, eating nutritious snacks and being active occasionally may not be as effective as advance planning, but it will help you feel good and stay healthy. You will be less burned out, perform better academically, and make a smoother transition back to your healthy diet and exercise patterns if you make this small effort to be consistent with your lifestyle. Try it and see for yourself!



James Walker is a Personal Trainer for the UTM CPE. You can contact him at jwalker@utm.utoronto.ca.



Skills

For Life!

Positions in Customer Sales & Service

For more than 20 years, VECTOR Marketing has been providing students with outstanding opportunities to advance their skills in marketing, communication, and sales management. We are a vibrant organization that offers preparation today for the careers of tomorrow. If you're a positive and energetic team player, apply now!



For more information and to apply online, visit our website at:

38 Locations Across Canada as of May 1st

Sensational Summer Opportunities!

Set a schedule that fits in with your summer plans!
Great starting pay offered.
Conditions Apply.

Enjoy an enthusiastic and supportive environment where training and development programs are available.

www.workforstudents.com/summer

Z103.5

club108

COLLEGE/UNIVERSITY

The Longest running thursday in sanga...each and every thursday

MADHOUSE THURSDAY

feat
new beer tub girls
specials all night long
giveaways all night long
free glowsticks for the ladies
everybody gets lays

2 Rooms - 2 Sounds

WIN A TRIP TO
DAYTONA FOR 2
EVERY WEEK!

ROOM 1-TOP 40.R'B.HOUSE
with MIKE DEVINE AND PAUL MARTIN
ROOM 2-HIP HOP. R'B. REGGAE
with DJ BLINDMETHOD AND TQ

FREE WITH THIS PASS

RAMMED EVERY THURSDAY

FRIDAYS

ICE COLD

FRIDAYS

Hosted by
Andy Frost

3 rooms 3 sounds

rock, new rock,
alternative, hiphop

Q107

102.1 the edge

admit 2 with this pass

SATURDAYS

Extraordinary
all ages

Z103.5

2 rooms 2 sounds

dance, euro, hiphop, reggae, r'b

\$5 off cover with pass

(cannot be combined with any other promotion, subject to capacity)

club108

1325 Eglinton Ave East in
Mississauga
905-625-1078